



# ONCE A WEEK

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JULIUS CHAMBERS

EDITOR

## RESTRICTING IMMIGRATION.

THERE are two special circumstances attending the year 1893 that will make it fateful of good or evil to this country. The success of the International Exposition cannot be considered assured until it is begun and ended. Its success will, in a large measure, depend upon the foreign representation; in fact, merely as something of the United States, no matter how large the attendance of our own people, it would be unimportant; but in securing exchanges of American goods and those of foreign production for many years to come its importance lies. As it happens, cholera at the same time is threatened. That, we know, is international in character, and has been extremely national, as well, in the United States. The excitement that attends cholera, that precedes it and that often comes when the cholera does not, is itself often an evil of magnitude. The country cannot afford to take chances both on the ruin of its Exposition and on the spread of the epidemic disease, and anything in reason that can be done to prevent them should certainly be done.

This country has been liberal in affording an asylum to people of other countries; in fact, has erred against itself in liberty or license allowed in this regard, and no special hardship will come to individuals or communities if it says that for a year immigration must cease.

It is not necessary to enter at once on a permanent policy in this respect. It is desirable to formulate one that shall be different from what we have had, and a year's time and tentative practice will keep the matter before the public mind, will draw out constant expressions upon it, and we will thus be prepared to say who may come to this country, what their qualifications shall be and what shall be required of them to enter upon citizenship.

It is really the opening up of a subject much larger than the temporary one of restricting immigration in behalf of the World's Fair and the safety of our own citizens against cholera, but these can be legitimately used in this way. To project any great subject into the public mind with sufficient force to produce action usually requires some dramatic or stirring event. The whole subject of immigration and qualification for citizenship of foreigners requires overhauling, and the opportunity now seems to present itself.

The United Senate Committee on Immigration sat in New York on November 28th and following days, considering and taking testimony on the following proposition: "All immigration, except from North and South American countries, shall be suspended for one year from March 1, 1893; the law to be so framed as not to hinder the free return of American citizens or the easy admission of visitors."

In a matter requiring such immediate action it is fortunate that party politics do not enter. No objection to the above proposition has been put forward except what comes from steamship companies, and they

only do it by the suggestion that they can land immigrants in Canada, and leave them to their own resources about finding their way into the United States. But Canada may find it to its interest to establish similar restrictions. In any event, it would only amount to some trouble to our government to keep the immigrants out, and those that might escape the barriers are not likely to be cholera suspects.

In standing on this ground of exclusion, if any excuse at all were necessary, we would be on very much more tenable ground than that held by the British, German and French governments in excluding American meats that came into competition with their own on the ground that they might contain trichina, they having proved amply good for our own citizens.

There seems to be every prospect that the above proposition, either in this or in a slightly modified form, will be made into a law by the present Congress at an early day.

## IS SILVER MONEY?

NOBODY, of course, seriously expected that the ROTHSCHILD plan submitted to the Monetary Conference at Brussels, and by which the European governments would purchase thirty million ounces of silver per year, against fifty-four million by our government, would come to anything. Many of the representatives are there merely to listen and not to express themselves as to the policy that their governments would be willing to adopt. Others are so established on the principle of monometallism—Great Britain, for instance—that nothing whatever can shake them. Under these circumstances, it is of course utterly futile for the United States representatives to expect to convert the governments of Europe to bimetalism. The result of the Conference will be to plainly show the situation to the people of this country who have thought that in bimetalism was a panacea for financial ills. They are likely to give way in their contention that we should continue our large purchase of silver every month, making this a silver dumping-ground for all the world, and issuing therefor good paper money that it is essential for us to keep on a par with gold. This certainly is a hardship for our government, or rather for the people it represents. Other nations not coming, or likely to come, to us, on the silver question, there seems but one policy for us to pursue—that is, go to them. We can do this substantially by repealing the SHERMAN law of July, 1890. Then, if serious evils follow to the finances of the world from silver not having the important position this country has sought to maintain it in as a medium of exchange, the whole world stands on an equality for the purpose of restoring it.

## THE RISING OF THE AFRITE.

ONE of the most extraordinary incidents in connection with the funeral of JAY GOULD was the sudden uprising which it brought forth of the mysterious population of New York's wonderful East Side.

The sudden and unexpected flow of the tide of the great unwashed from the hidden districts that lie between the Bowery and the East River let loose upon Fifth Avenue something that reminded one of Paris and the Commune: of the sudden descent of the denizens of Belleville as they swarm down upon the Boulevards, the Champs Elysées, and the Place de la Concorde, in those terrible moments when Paris prepares for the *émeute* or the Revolution.

The footsteps were incessant, and the hurry of them became more and more rapid. The corner echoed and re-echoed with the tread of feet; some, as it seemed, under the windows; some, as it seemed, in the room; some coming, some going, some breaking off, some stopping altogether; all in the distant streets, and not one within sight.

This passage from the "Tale of Two Cities" is eloquent of the Reign of Terror, of the Conciergerie, of La Force. Could it be possible that any such symbolic meaning might be wrought out of the strange gathering from the slums which afflicted the corner of the luxurious avenue where the millionaire laid dead in his coffin?

Unkempt and in rags many of them, women with shawls about their heads and infants in their arms, men with wan visages and gaunt forms thinly clad, with expressions only of curiosity on their countenances; weird, sinister figures of creatures of both sexes, who stared about them as though their minds were busy with strange and elusive problems; such was somewhat the appearance of the crest of the wave of incongruous humanity, which, forced by some hidden current, dashed upon this new high water-mark—and then fell back as though alarmed and disconcerted at the result of its own audacity.

All about that house of mourning, as the gloomy funeral preparations were being carried on within, there came and went, fluctuating, those that the shadows and the depths of New York life had suddenly cast up against its light and its luxury—as so many notes of interrogation. Could it be that, like the ominous footsteps in the story, which seemed to presage

and prelude the terrible French Revolution, these grim appearances from the haunts of vice and misery should be portentous of coming events that might thus "cast their shadows before"?

Surely it was never in the minds of those who elected for a public exposition of the dead remains of JAY GOULD to the general view of the public of New York that such an announcement would call forth from the great East Side any such contribution of envious, jealous and hungry humanity as burdened the sidewalks and reeled over the curbs and under the horses' feet in Fifth Avenue on that *dies irae*. Yet so determined was this movement that no after-publication, when the first intention had been wisely corrected, had any influence in changing the purpose which swayed the hundreds and thousands who burst into the district allotted to wealth and grandeur—as a tidal wave pours its resistless current upon a new domain, and then retires, hugging to itself its burden of flotsam and jetsam.

The unkempt and the unwashed of the great East Side, who are so seldom seen west of the line of demarcation which divides them from the habitations of the rich, may not have retired from their new quest with any added wealth of silver or gold or purple and fine linen, but who shall say what marvelous visions and strange, daring fancies accompanied the recession of that resistless tide? Who shall say that these may not be borne back upon us some day to breed frightful and monstrous disaster in its wake—the aftermath of the harvest of JAY GOULD?

## REFORM AND PERFORMANCE.

HAVE we not too much reform talk to the neglect of positive performance? There are exigencies to be met and provided for; and, if we are to do nothing but find fault continually with things human because they are not perfect, the exigencies may arise and throw us all of a heap in the midst of our repining.

Individual personal experience is to the effect that patchwork reform is necessitated usually by slovenly work in the first place. It is the same in national affairs. Each one of us can testify also that, in the course of time, reform becomes tiresome, useless and laughably out of place, in our every-day concerns; that, in point of fact, reforming is not profitable as a steady business, in human affairs.

It is a long time, now, since our statesmen have done anything but patch up, remodel and rehash our statutes. The prescriptions drawn up for what ails us have been flat and redolent with the same reform pargoric so long that the opiate no longer takes hold.

There is plenty of talk of reforming the Civil Service, for example, to keep the influence of office-holders out of politics, to make tenure of office dependent upon the merit and efficiency of the incumbent, and not upon his politics, to give us, in a word, as good talent in the various branches of the public service as is found in any first-class private business. If the truth were known, we would probably find that while Civil Service legislation is stopping up one gap, partisanship and inefficiency, and even dishonesty, are opening several gaps elsewhere.

What the Civil Service—municipal, State and federal—demands is a reversal of the present theory of removal as advocated by "practical" reformers. Heads of departments and their assistants are now removable, so that they may be in sympathy with the administration as the political complexion of the administration changes. If it is efficiency and a non-partisan Civil Service we are looking for, the heads of departments should be irremovable; it is the rank and file of public service that need, and will always need, a continuous weeding out. In this view a definite plan, to fit modern requirements, will do more for the Civil Service in one year than continuous patchwork could ever do. It cannot be doubted that partisanship creeps in every time a new head of a department is appointed; it is equally certain that inefficiency creeps in at the same time. By making heads of departments irremovable, during efficiency and good behavior, and the rank and file removable—as in every other business—largely at the reasonable request of their responsible superiors, we should be doing something thoroughly business-like which would never need the help of reform, except that which is provided for in the arrangement itself.

Another case in point is tariff reform. The McKINLEY law is performance. It provides for a protective tariff. What is meant by reforming it? Simply that imports be so readjusted that the burdens upon our own people be made lighter. If the recent campaign meant anything, the Democratic party is bound to give us legislation on this subject which will replace the McKINLEY law. And if the lightening of the burdens of our own people is the object sought, other legislation will be required besides the regulation of imposts. Specific legislation, aimed at all the inequalities that are at once unfair and remediable by government, is in order. It is not reform of the tariff that is needed; but rather a doing of something that present needs and conditions generally demand.

Currency reform really includes such issues as the



high rate of interest, the mortgage evil, the scarcity of money at critical times for the great mass of farmers and other producers of small capital. Amending a clause here and another there in present laws touching those subjects will not answer. The groundwork of many of these laws is obsolete. Some of them are relics of feudal times. We must quit trying to patch them up.

Ballot reform is making very slow progress considering that we are a people who are supposed to rule ourselves. It is no earthly good to us, unless it is supplemented by legislation on the subject of citizenship and the right of suffrage itself. Men sometimes sell their votes, are oftener unduly influenced at the polls; but the great evil of our liberal suffrage laws is that so many men do not know or care what they are voting about. Compared with this question of securing an intelligent and conscientious ballot, the booth, the registration and the voting machine are mere bagatelles. Ballot reform, even if we get it, will scarcely skim the surface of the real evil. We need new, definite and self-reforming legislation all round to prevent misuse of suffrage, which is the only treason we need fear in this country.

With the questions of social and industrial reform, and the many other special movements to aid all our people in their efforts at self-help in rising to a higher plane of real progress, our legislation has as yet meddled little. About all the legislation that is needed in this direction is to keep the way clear for every movement that aims to do good without interfering unwarrantably with the liberty of the individual.

The time has come when the enlightened and progressive people of this country will do all the reforming and all the patchwork; and the people really need nothing from the government but a chance to better their own condition: in this case, let performance of some definite legislation, and not reform and patchwork, be the aim of our statesmen.

#### NEW DEPARTURE IN FICTION.

HUMAN NATURE'S HIGHER POSSIBILITIES TRUTHFULLY PORTRAYED IN "PETRONELLA DARCY," BY THEODORA CORRIE.

READERS of ONCE A WEEK and Library will find in "Petronella Darcy" a novel of remarkable power. We know of no work of modern fiction with which it can be compared; unless, indeed, we compare it with Hardy's "Tess of the Durbervilles." In point of original suggestion, philosophic depth and faithful portrayal of the human heart and mind as they are, it is, if anything, superior to that grewsome account of poor humanity's depths of weakness. "Petronella Darcy," however, far excels Hardy's story in delicacy of touch, and in that calm, unsensational telling of the truth which is so refreshing in view of the straining for effect, overdrawing of wickedness and general mountain-laboring of so many modern novelists.

"Petronella Darcy" shows us human nature in its upward, not in its downward, tendencies; in its higher possibilities, not in its depths of degradation painful to behold. The heroine, who gives her name to the title, is made to stand before the reader, not sketched in words, but living and breathing and moving in her actions. From a sunny though motherless childhood, Petronella grows before our eyes to be the most lovable, as she is surely one of the truest heroines, in modern fiction.

Godfrey Mordant, the hero, suffers from the injustice of a dishonest brother, faces the world alone and triumphs finally—not through impossible happenings, but by reason of a patience, an adherence to principle and a strength of will power that naturally and inevitably win the battle for him.

We assure the reader that, though injustice and some tragedy are to be found portrayed in this charming story, yet sunshine prevails. "Petronella Darcy" will be Nos. 10, 11 and 12, Vol. X.

#### NOTICE TO CANADIAN SUBSCRIBERS.

By a recent decision of the Dominion customs authorities, it becomes necessary for us to wrap the Newspaper and the Library in separate wrappers, as the latter, under the present Canadian tariff law, is subject to duty. We beg the indulgence of our Canadian friends, who will have to pay duty on the Library, until we have everything arranged satisfactorily. In the meantime, it is distinctly understood that the subscription price paid by them covers the duty. Negotiations are on foot which will enable us to pay the duty, in New York, every month in advance. Then everything will run along smoothly as ever.

We dislike to say much about ourselves, but during the past week such a remarkable bit of business enterprise has been conducted from this establishment that had it been done by a rival house we certainly would have thought it deserving of notice. The publishing house of Peter Fenelon Collier has recently issued a new and superior edition of Alexander Dumas's works, splendidly illustrated and in nine volumes. So great has been the demand for these books that within the week there was shipped to different cities in the West a big trainload of this edition of the great French novelist.

#### A SEEKER AFTER WEALTH.

THERE is little probability that the like of Jay Gould will ever be seen again. He was a remarkable man in all respects. With every man's hand against him, so to speak, he accumulated one of the greatest fortunes in the world. His success was an ample demonstration of the superiority of mind over might. A pigmy in physical size, but a giant in intellect, he was a human paradox.

It is safe to say, that when he left his humble home in the Catskill Mountains, his loftiest ambition never pictured him more than a well-to-do tradesman. In fact, at one time he would have been satisfied if he could have carried out his plans to become a surveyor with enough to keep himself and a small force busy defining townships and county lines. As for being a railway owner on a colossal scale, it never entered his head until long after he sold his tannery down in the wilds of Pennsylvania and came to New York to find an investment for his money. In seeking an opportunity for gain, nothing could have been more natural than for him to turn his footsteps toward Wall Street. For it was the popular idea then, as it is now, that the "Street" is the fountain-head of fortune. When Mr. Gould appeared among the "bulls" and "bears" thirty-two years ago, the sum total of his possessions was eighty thousand dollars. His intention was to become a stockbroker rather than a speculator, and with that end in view he formed the partnership of



EDWIN GOULD.

Smith, Gould, Martin & Co. Doing business for others was too slow, and he was soon dealing in stocks on his own account.

The general belief has always been that Mr. Gould was a very astute operator in stocks. Such was not the case. He himself often said that in his speculative ventures he lost more than he made. Still there is no doubt that his deals in stocks often contributed to the success of his other financial undertakings. He lost very large sums—probably millions—"bearing" the stock of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad. He endeavored to depress the stock, presumably for the purpose of gaining control of the road. Powerful interests were arrayed against him. He sold stock which he did not possess. It was bought by his opponents, and when they demanded its delivery he could not furnish it. He was "squeezed." Not only was he unable to obtain the stock at a reduced price to fulfill his contracts, but of course, he was unable to secure the stock which he had counted on to put him in possession of the railroad.

"Black Friday" marked the most important of Mr. Gould's speculative failures. The government had ceased selling gold, and he, with the aid of Jim Fisk, attempted to effect a "corner" in it. That is, he bought the gold which others sold "short," and he expected to create so great a scarcity in it that the price would be carried to a very high point. Before embarking in his gold speculation Mr. Gould got persons who had the ear of President Grant to go to him and convince him that it was not for the best interests of the government to resume sales of gold. Thus he calculated on no interference with his scheme. It is well known that President Grant, who was entirely ignorant of what Mr. Gould contemplated, issued a peremptory order to the Secretary of the Treasury not to sell gold.

In order to make sure that he would not rescind his order until the speculation had culminated, it is said, Mr. Gould or his associates concocted a plot to get the President on a vessel ostensibly for a short pleasure excursion. Once on board, it was the intention to keep him out of reach of communication until Mr. Gould had wrung the expected profits from the "shorts" in gold. It was not contemplated to make President Grant a prisoner by force, but to disable the machinery of the vessel so as to provide a reason for delay in returning to land. Through some failure in the arrangements the plot was not carried out. President Grant was, nevertheless, induced to visit a friend in an isolated part of Pennsylvania, but he could not be kept there long enough to enable the gold transaction to be completed.

When the "twist" in gold finally came and the price was sent upward at a terrific rate, President Grant's eyes were opened to the financial danger, and he promptly authorized the sale of gold. There was a collapse in the price and a consequent failure of banks and brokerage

houses that had been carrying gold for a rise. Practically, Mr. Gould was bankrupt by the crash of Friday, September 24, 1869 ("Black Friday"). For the purchasers of a large portion of the gold he had given verbal orders. These orders he repudiated to save himself. Had they been in writing he could not have escaped the responsibility for them; but, as they were not, all efforts to collect from him the losses on them failed.

The experience of "Black Friday" did not daunt Mr. Gould. On the contrary, he regarded it as a valuable lesson. He had formed the acquaintance of Daniel Drew, who was the leading spirit in the Erie Railway.

Mr. Drew, although an uncouth and untutored man, was a keen judge of human nature, and he saw that a mind which could conceive a gold speculation like Mr. Gould's (although it ended disastrously) was capable of other great things. He took up Mr. Gould in order to have the latter devise means to prevent Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt from taking the Erie Road away from him. Commodore Vanderbilt had just secured the Harlem, the Hudson River and the New York Central lines, and he desired to add the Erie to them. The course of the commodore was to buy the stock in the open market. The method of Mr. Gould to defeat him was to issue additional stock. It was an illegal proceeding, but it prevented Commodore Vanderbilt from getting hold of the Erie Road. Mr. Drew and Mr. Gould made a great deal of money by the operation. The illegal stock was sold at a high price. The money derived from it was deposited in a number of banks. After a time checks for the money were presented simultaneously to the various banks and the withdrawal of so much cash at once created a panic, not only in the stock market, but the whole financial community.

The price of Erie stock tumbled and Mr. Drew and Mr. Gould bought back a large portion of the illegal shares. The difference between the price at which the stock was sold and that at which it was bought represented their profit. Subsequently the enactment of a law was secured which legalized that juggling with the financial affairs of the Erie Road.

Mr. Gould's association with Mr. Drew showed to him the money-making possibilities that lay in the control of railroads, and he determined to be an extensive railroad owner. He began by putting himself at the head of the Erie. When, after several years, he was forced out of the management, he was so rich that he was able to pay over to the company nearly \$8,000,000 in securities in settlement of a claim against him for alleged misappropriation of over \$12,000,000.

From that time the increase of Mr. Gould's wealth was very rapid. He bought railroad after railroad, and finally astonished everybody by turning up as the ruling power in the Western Union Telegraph Company in place of William H. Vanderbilt. It was necessary for Mr. Gould to build a new telegraph system in order to possess the Western Union. The notion had prevailed that it was impossible to construct or operate telegraph lines unless they ran alongside of railroad tracks. Mr. Gould organized the American Union Telegraph Company, and set up its poles and strung its wires along the public roads. He erected such strong poles and built the lines in all respects in so thorough a manner that practically no repair work was necessary. Once the lines were in working order, they needed no attention for years. Therefore, the advantage that the Western Union was supposed to enjoy of prompt access to its lines on account of their being on railroads was not so much of an advantage after all. Mr. Gould quickly made it plain that there was not room for two telegraph companies, and, to avert the wrecking of the Western Union, Mr. Vanderbilt sold out to him. The stock of the American Union was converted into that of the Western Union, and thus the American Union disappeared as suddenly as it had come into view.

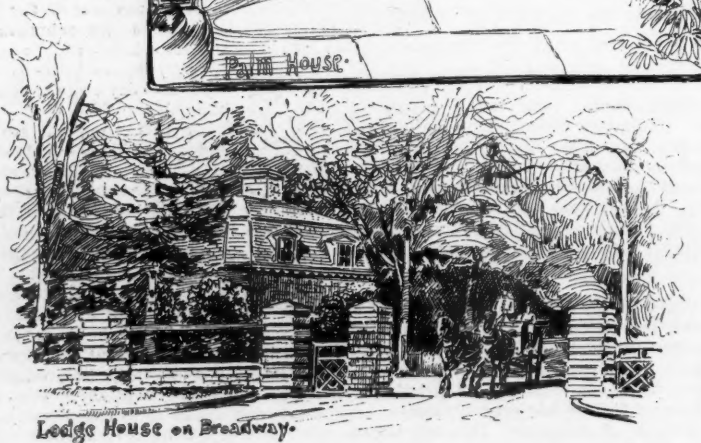
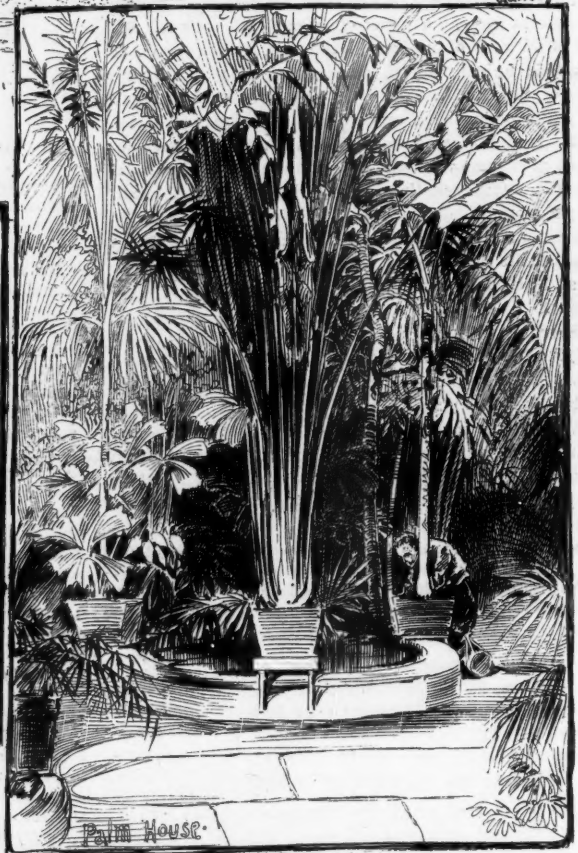
Mr. Gould's fortune was entirely made out of the issues of stocks and bonds of the companies which he dominated. His ways of adding to his wealth were as simple as they were effective. For instance, he would buy the bonds of a broken-down corporation which was selling for next to nothing, and re-organize it. In the foreclosure proceedings the stock would be wiped out. There would probably be a reduction in the amount of the bonds which would be sustained by the owners of them, but the reduction would result in a gain, for it would enhance the value of the bonds, and Mr. Gould being the largest holder of them, would be the chief beneficiary. New stock would be issued, and it would go as a bonus to the bondholders to recompense them for the loss of their bonds, or for a small assessment which they might have been asked to pay on them. Most of the stock would go to Mr. Gould, and his purpose would then be to impart a value to it in the stock market. He might do this by careful management of the road, or by making additions to it, to increase its business.

There was no question about Mr. Gould's ability as a railway manager. If a road was capable of being made profitable, it would become so under his hands if he wished it to be. There were occasions when there was more to be gained by causing a road to make an unfavorable showing in its financial reports. He desired, perhaps, to acquire more of its stock, or to drive out an inimical interest.

The watering of stock was a favorite manner of adding to his wealth. A striking example was the acquisition of the elevated railway system of New York. He organized the Manhattan Railway Company without any property whatever, and \$13,000,000 capital to lease and operate the elevated roads. He concluded by issuing \$13,000,000 more of the Manhattan Company's capital to exchange for that of the companies which actually owned the roads. He was said to own \$10,000,000 or \$12,000,000 of the stock of the Manhattan Company, which was supposed to have cost him nothing.

He owned about \$30,000,000 of the stock of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and the recent stock dividend





"LYNDHURST" ON THE HUDSON—THE COUNTRY HOME OF THE LATE MR. JAY GOULD.



of ten per cent. added \$3,000,000 to his wealth without any outlay or effort on his part. A fair estimate of Mr. Gould's fortune is \$100,000,000. The calculation is based on present market values. His fortune was made up almost entirely of stocks and bonds, some of which yielded as high as seven per cent. per annum and others of which yielded nothing. An average was about four per cent. Computing on that basis and compounding the interest semi-annually, to allow for re-investment, Mr. Gould's income was as follows:

Year .....	\$4,040,000.00	Hour .....	\$461.19
Month.....	336,666.00	Minute .....	7.69
Week .....	77,692.00	Second .....	13
Day .....	11,068.00		

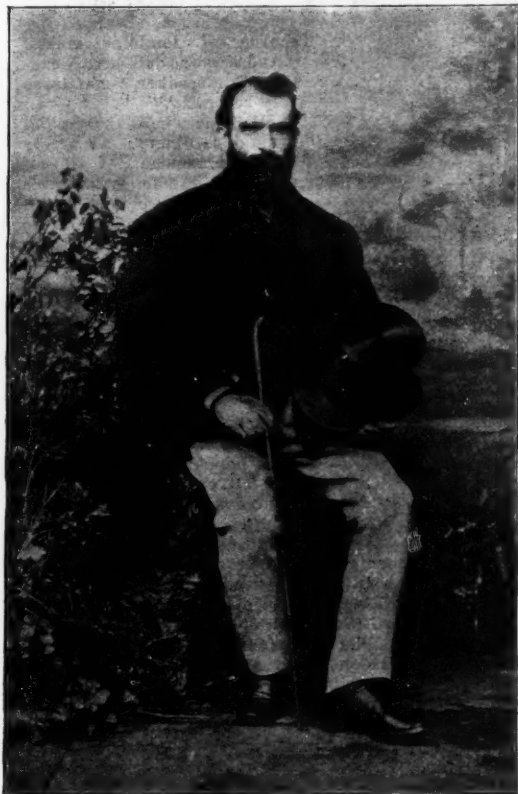
If the Gould wealth should be kept intact it would, following the natural increase, at the ends of the periods named below be:

One year.....	\$104,040,000	Ten years.....	\$148,530,000
Five years.....	121,880,000	Twenty-five years	269,130,000

The principle upon which Mr. Gould worked was that he must look out for people quite as smart as himself. In other words, he did not consider those with whom he had business relations or with whom he had to contend as dolts. He knew that there were people who would try to get the better of him, and he steadfastly made it his object to get the better of them.

He was a very secretive man. He never let anybody know what he intended to do, and, as a rule, conveyed the idea that his plans were exactly the opposite from what they turned out to be. It was hard to realize, from meeting him, what a wonderful man he was. He was exceedingly retiring, and whatever his own opinions were he seemingly deferred to those of others. He gave himself up to thoughts rather than to words. His public utterances were comparatively meager. He made not over half a dozen speeches in his entire life, and the longest of them amounted to less than one hundred words.

In dress he was decidedly fastidious, but never ostentatious. In the last five or six years he wore black almost entirely; but previous to that he trusted to the selection



JAY GOULD (1868) AGED 52.

[From a photograph loaned by Washington E. Connor.]

of his tailor, who attired him in fashionable goods, but those of rather a quiet order, for he would not tolerate display.

It was undoubtedly Mr. Gould's ambition at one period to be the richest man in the world, and he probably would have been except for the failure of his health. He wore himself out with hard work. Had he taken things as easily as most men do there is no reason to doubt he would have lived to be seventy-five or eighty years old. He was of a nervous temperament and could not endure idleness. He displayed his nature by rarely using an elevator; but instead ascended and descended stairs, no matter how many flights there might be, on a run. In brief, he could not keep quiet. When sitting at the "ticker," which jotted down on an endless strip of paper the quotations of the Stock Exchange, he would pick up something and twirl it incessantly to give vent to his nervous energy.

He seemed to care nothing for the pleasures of life, as was shown by the way he tired of that expensive toy, the steam-yacht *Atalanta*, which he had built and equipped at an expense of \$500,000. The boat was really a bother to him. It required attention and took his thoughts away from business which interested him more. For another thing, he was not a very good sailor. It was pleasant enough when he was sailing the Hudson between his office in New York and his handsome summer home, Lyndhurst, at Irvington (shown on another page); but when it came to tossing about on the turbulent ocean, he did not find much comfort in yachting. For the past three years he had been trying to dispose of the boat, but it was too



JAY GOULD'S BIRTHPLACE.

large and too expensive to run for the average yachtsman. To put the yacht in shape to enter a race on one occasion cost \$18,500, and on another occasion, when it cut a tug in two in New York Bay, Mr. Gould was called upon to pay \$20,000.

It was often wondered why Mr. Gould did not try to gain popularity by benefactions or contributions to public enterprises. He said that people would consider him hypocritical if he did, and he had better continue as he had been all his life—a man who was seeking wealth without any pretense of being a philosopher or a philanthropist.

Mr. Gould's life was many times in jeopardy. No matter how great the menace, he was collected and on his guard. He was often accused of cowardice, because he sought a place of safety when danger threatened him. He went on the principle that discretion was the better part of valor, and that if he ran away he would live to escape another day. In 1884, the result of the Presidential election appeared to be in doubt for two or three days. There was a belief in some quarters that Mr. Gould was using his power as the head of the Western Union Telegraph Company to withhold the election returns in order to count Grover Cleveland out and put James G. Blaine in the Presidential chair. On the second night after the election a crowd gathered in Madison Square, and started up Fifth avenue with the avowed intention of mobbing Mr. Gould's house, and then going downtown and demolishing the Western Union Building. Mr. Gould was informed by telephone of the purpose of the crowd, and slipping across the street, apparently unperturbed, took apartments at the Windsor Hotel for the night. His precaution was unnecessary, for the police dispersed the mob before it had proceeded many blocks.

Mr. Gould made the fortunes of many men, but if he found out that any of these men were disloyal to him he did not rest until he had deprived them of their gains. Most of those with whom he had surrounded himself, somewhat singularly, were large men. Giovanni P. Morosini, who was for years his confidential lieutenant, is a man of powerful physique. General Thomas T. Eckert, whom he made general manager of the Western Union Telegraph, is a man of commanding figure. S. H. H. Clark, to whom he intrusted the management of his railway system of the Southwest, although not portly, stood head and shoulders above Mr. Gould. Russell Sage, who was associated with him in nearly all his important undertakings, is a man of considerably over the medium height. The only one of his associates anything near like him in build is Washington E. Connor, who was his partner before he finally retired, six years ago, from the banking and brokerage business.

Mr. Gould's personal expenses were less than those of the average clerk in Wall Street. He did not use up in



VIEW FROM THE FRONT YARD OF THE GOULD HOMESTEAD.

pocket money more than one hundred dollars in three months.

The picture of Jay Gould's birthplace in Roxbury, Delaware County, N. Y., the schoolhouse where he studied the primer and the road which he traveled in going to school, were loaned to ONCE A WEEK by Mr. Morosini. HOWARD IRVING SMITH.

#### THE CASTLE AT IRVINGTON.

LYNDHURST is actually founded on a rock, but the rock is covered with three or four feet of the richest soil. Lyndhurst is a vast estate. It is larger than Central Park. There are 750 acres in Central Park. Lyndhurst covers 850 acres, some of which are as yet unimproved. General Paulding established the place. After a few years, he sold it to Mr. Merritt, who, in 1879, disposed of it to Mr. Gould. Mr. Mangold declares that Mr. Gould bought it for a song; but it must have been the song the stars sang, when the world was young, before the years had died away, for it was worth over a quarter of a million of good, wary American dollars. One million dollars couldn't buy Lyndhurst to-day, as you see it on preceding page.

The Gould Summer homestead is a castle that might have been hurled out of the England of Richard I., over sea, and down nine centuries to Irvington. There are about seventy rooms in it. It is built of Sing Sing marble. The castle is topped by two large and three small towers, chimneys such as are never seen in town, and turrets and minarets. In front is the reception-room, filled with massive carved screens, sofas and statuettes. To the right is the smoking-room, parlor and dining-room. Going upstairs, through a casement, we pass down a long hall to the picture gallery. Arriving there, we notice the lovely casement overlooking the Hudson, through the prismatic panes of which the lances of the sun are gleaming on over fifty large and small paintings. Off the gallery is Mr. Gould's bedroom, in the center of which is a bed fit for a Napoleon. Apparently it is of rosewood. In the gallery are a couple of desks, upon which are writing paper, pens, pencils, charts, inkstands of bronze, the daily papers, and a copy of ONCE A WEEK. In the library are about 4,000 volumes.

#### WHERE HIS PROPERTY GOES.

JAY GOULD's will was read the day of the funeral. Not a single charitable bequest was made. It is dated December 24, 1885, and three codicils bring it down to November 21, 1892. To each of his three sisters and his



SCHOOLHOUSE WHICH GOULD ATTENDED.

brother, the financier gave \$25,000 and \$2,000 annually. Helen M. Gould, the eldest daughter, received the family mansion on Fifth avenue, valued, with its furniture and paintings, at \$400,000. She also received the use of Lyndhurst, the beautiful country place on the Hudson, until the youngest child becomes of age, and \$72,000 per year to maintain it. His little grandson, Jay Gould, son of George J. Gould, received a round half million. The eldest son, George J., received a special bequest in these terms:

My beloved son, George J. Gould, having developed a remarkable business ability, and having for twelve years devoted himself entirely to my business, and during the past five years taken entire charge of all my difficult interests, I hereby fix the value of his services at \$5,000,000, payable as follows: \$500,000 in cash, less the amount advanced by me for the purchase of a house for him on Fifth avenue, New York City; \$500,000 in Missouri Pacific six per cent. mortgage bonds; \$500,000 in St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railway Company consolidated five per cent. bonds; \$500,000 in Missouri Pacific Railway trust five per cent. bonds; 10,000 shares of Manhattan Railway stock; 10,000 shares of Western Union stock, and 10,000 shares of Missouri Pacific stock, all to be taken and treated as worth par.

As executors and trustees of his will, Mr. Gould appointed his sons, George J. Gould, Edwin Gould and Howard Gould, and his daughter, Helen M. Gould. No bonds to be required of the executors and trustees. George J. Gould and Helen M. Gould are appointed guardians of Anna Gould and Frank J. Gould during their minority.

All the rest of the estate is devised and bequeathed to the executors and trustees in trust; first, to divide the same into six equal parts or shares, and to hold and invest one of such shares for each of his said children, George J. Gould, Edwin Gould, Howard Gould, Frank J. Gould, Helen M. Gould and Anna Gould, with authority to collect and receive, pay and apply all the income thereof to each child for life, with power to each to dispose of the same by will in favor of issue, and in case of death without issue the share of the one so dying to go to the surviving brothers and sisters and to the issue of any deceased child, share and share alike, per stirpes and not per capita. These trusts shall be kept separate and distinct and the accounts thereof shall be separately kept. A final admonition is that all stocks held by these trustees shall be voted as a unit.





### THE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

AND now about those Christmas gifts. What are you going to give mother, father, husband, sister, brother or child? Every year the same problem confronts you—the giving of appropriate Yuletide remembrances. "How glad I shall be when the holidays are over," is often heard; "it is such a nuisance to decide on Christmas gifts."



"IN ENTICINGLY JAUNTY FASHION."

This gracious and kindly custom ought not to become a vexation and a burden. If a little more tact, wisdom and forethought were employed, half the annoyance would vanish. First, the gift should be appropriate. There should be no giving of hand-mirrors to the cross-eyed nor corkscrews to the total abstainer.

It is best not to put off the securing of Christmas remembrances to the last hurried moment. Indeed, those women who have leisure to make dainty odds and ends of fancy-work, or to look through the shops, have no excuse for a hasty and inconsiderate gift. It is an excellent plan to have a Christmas box, chest or cheffonier wherein to lay, weeks before Christmas, a bit of embroidery, a delicate film of lace, a dainty piece of china, or any trifle picked up in a spare moment.

What to give a man is, perhaps, the most vexing question of the hour. Men tire of an endless succession of slippers, of an unlimited train of neckties and an everlasting panorama of dressing gowns. Well, there is variety enough of things from which to choose gifts for the nobler sex, if one takes time to think the matter over a bit. What do you say to this list: Silk umbrella, bath robe, flesh-brush, shaving set, silver and glass inkstand, liquor set, cigarette case, corkscrew, handkerchiefs with embroidered monogram, big dome cushions for his own especial use, traveling bag, card counters, silk suspenders, cuff and collar boxes, amber-mouthed pipe, and all the sweet perfumes, toilet waters and soaps of which men are even more fond than women.

What to give grandmother? A dainty cap, a white silk mull neck handkerchief, black silk mittens, cane, spectacle case, silk bag to hang on her arm, in which spectacles, handkerchief and knitting may be stowed; a hot water bag, crocheted bedroom slippers and a little shoulder shawl.

For grandfather? Here is where the dressing gown should be in evidence—thick, wadded and lined. Then, too, the comfortable slippers, cane, spectacle case, huge muffler, mittens or fur-edged dogskin gloves, and a bottle of good old port or Burgundy.

For sister, daughter or mother? Was there ever a woman who did not love dainty linen whether for the

body, bed or table? Or china, or glass, or silver things, either for her table or her dressing case? Here is a list from which one ought to be able to select gifts which would rejoice the heart of any reasonable woman. Fur rug, etching, silver vinaigrette, chatelaine watch, Russian belt, fur boa and "grannie" muff, sealskin coat, orange spoons, after-dinner coffee cups, parlor lamp, sewing machine, Bible and prayer-book, opera bag, sachets, music-box, silk umbrella, alligator, snake or pigskin purse, white and gold card case, silk stockings, bath robe, silk-lined down quilt, lace bedspread, pincushion, down sofa pillows, bronze candelabra, silver pen-tray, postage-box, seal and candlestick for the writing-desk, perfume jar, silver glove-mender, stocking-darner, gold

But when all's said and done, the most fascinating feature of baby's layette is the bassinet of silk, lace, mull and frills, with the accompanying basket holding every article required for the sacred rites of the little ruler's toilet. The beautiful cot which is shown this week is of white rattan, richly gilded here and there. The drapery is of white surah, trimmed profusely with wide Valenciennes lace. The lace is arranged to fall in a cascade at one side. The sheets and the coverlet are also of white silk, the latter trimmed with the lace sewed on in deep Vandykes. Big white satin bows are stuck in every available place. The basket is also of rattan, painted white and gilded, draped with soft white surah, bordered throughout with Valenciennes lace and smartly tied with bows of ribbon. In place of surah, silk mull, lawn, dotted Swiss or fine net may be used. Any of these materials may be lined with pale-blue or pink silk or cambric, though all white is considered better taste for the embodiment of purity and innocence. Charming little eiderdown quilts, covered in white, cream, blue or pink silk may be obtained to go with these lovely cots.

### SOME MILLINERY HINTS.

"I COULDN'T think what to give her for a Christmas present," the writer heard a woman say last year, "so I went to my milliner's and ordered a bonnet sent her."

There was a disapproving chorus of feminine voices. "And she was delighted," continued the speaker, "and it was very becoming."

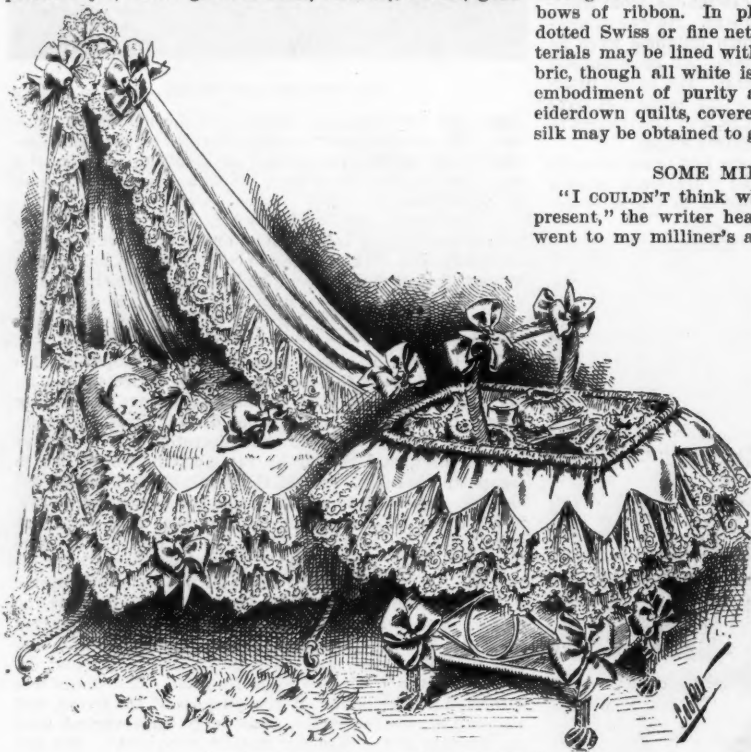
While a wholesale sending home of millinery can scarcely be recommended for Christmas gifts, still in certain cases a smart hat or bonnet would assuredly be welcome. In the way of hats and bonnets there is little change; the capotes are tiny; there seems scarcely space to place the bows, aigrettes or feathers. The hats being larger, afford a wider field for placing ornaments, large velvet bows—always with two pointed ends like ears—feathers or fur and a buckle. There is a head dress, neither quite bonnet nor hat, made of soft felt, crumpled, bent, plaited and turned about as fancy dictates; these are trimmed with velvet bows and feathers, gold or jet ornaments or fancy pins. Black felt is the favorite material for hats. Beaver is newer and is often combined with felt. Black is more fashionable than anything else, and next to it Suede trimmed with black. A very picturesque hat of black felt is shown in the sketch, having its brim bent in and out in enticingly jaunty fashion. The crown is trimmed with three mink tails and a big bow and rosettes of old-rose velvet. Quills, ram's-horn feathers and horn feathers of all kinds are the very height of fashion. Aigrettes are mostly placed in front. Jet is greatly used, even on white cloth. Shaded velvet is one of the novelties. Dahlia color is in favor and brown is combined with violet. The Marie Stuart is the prevailing style in bonnets. A return to the old-fashioned bonnet curtain is threatened, which, however, will turn up instead of down.

### BROCADE GOWN.

THE present style of evening gowns requires very little material. Here is a charming gown recently fashioned by a New York dressmaker for a young woman from a bit of old brocade in which her grandmother once danced the minuet. The silk was of pale-blue ground, powdered over with pink rosebuds and green leaves. The double ruche about the bottom was of ribbon in these three shades, and the bodice was simply draped with an old scarf of coffee-colored lace. The costume was graceful and effective in the last degree.

### CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

THERE is a new material for children's coats, hats and bonnets. It is made of pure wool and camel's hair in Indian-red, egg-blue, fawn, brown and soft grays, which colors are particularly well suited to children. The Grecian gown is a novelty for indoor wear; it is suited to all ages and is calculated to supersede the smock. Evening party frocks for little girls are made of amber-yellow and pure-white twilled silk. This washes beautifully and is usually trimmed with real guipure. A charming indoor gown for a little girl can be made in any soft brown stuff, with an underskirt and vest of brown corduroy. Make it with a Russian blouse, trimmed with Russian embroidery and a cord girdle. A pretty gown for dancing is made of pale-blue crepon with full bodice and sleeves. The skirt is



"NOTHING TOO GOOD FOR KING BABY."

and silver crochet needles, gold thimble, manicure set, gloves, handkerchiefs, lace frills and bibs, Dresden china powder-box, bonbonnière, tortoise-shell lorgnette, jeweled bonnet and lace pins, books, Russia leather, chamois, silk or linen book-cover, doilies, tea-cloth, brass tea-kettle, samovar, tabouret, easel, big easy-chair, rattan rocker, ivory tablets, writing-desk, fan, perfumery, bonbons, flowers.

For the children? Ah! they are the ones easiest to please. Trifles light as air are proof to them of Kris Kringle's love and remembrance. No need to cudgel one's brains to find an acceptable gift for the prattling darling to whom all the world is young and everything is real, and who has not learned to measure the value of a gift by its apparent cost.

For the poor? Do not send them a ten-cent Christmas card and say: "Be ye warmed and clothed?" But think Christmas ill spent unless you bring comfort, solace and cheer to one of earth's unfortunates.

### FOR KING BABY.

THERE is absolutely nothing too good for the small household monarch. Do you recall the little wooden cribs in which babies used to be rocked asleep? There is not much relationship between those unpretentious affairs and the fluffy nest of the fin de siècle baby. There are many novelties for the wee tyrant, one of which is a baby's portfolio, arranged to contain an entire infant's outfit, folded and slipped into the several pockets. When not filled with clothes, it is employed to carry baby into the drawing-room, folding over the tiny head like a little hood and protecting the child from cold and draught.



"A BIT OF OLD BROCADE."



"SHOULD PLEASE THE MOST FASTIDIOUS."



accordion-kilted, and lace ruffles finish the frock at neck and sleeves. A lovely coat for a little maiden is shown on preceding page. It is a pelisse with full sleeves and cape oversleeves of electric-blue serge, trimmed in gray Astrakhan. The big hat is of electric-blue felt trimmed with gray velvet and feathers. The natty little coat for a boy is of dark-brown cloth with deep collar and cuffs of gray fur and a little cap to match. These coats ought to please the most fastidious of mothers.

#### NEW TABLE DECORATIONS.

How to dress the table for the Christmas dinner, is one of the questions now vexing the housekeeper who wishes to keep up to date in the matter of table decorations. Here are a few suggestions. The colored silk strips are no longer used on the smartest tables; still, where flowers are scarce or economy is an object, they are permissible. But do not bedeck your table with ribbons, plush and frills until it looks like a milliner's window. If the silk be Oriental in pattern, it should be left raw-edged at the sides. Whenever used, the silk strip must tone in with the flowers. The lampshades also should match the strip. Or both strip and shades may be a trifle paler than the lightest shade in the flowers. Brown to pink, black to gold, pale-yellow to deep flame color are among the newest combinations. Gas should be tabooed, and lamps or candles—preferably the latter—used in its stead. If your table be small, shun a large centerpiece. Place your candlesticks in groups of twos and threes. Chrysanthemums are still the favorite flower for table decorations. Very beautiful effects can also be produced by Autumn leaves and red and black berries. Common saucers filled with sand, moss, foliage and flowers can be arranged with delightful results on a small table, with a large dish for



the center and all the decoration kept low. Straight, shallow glass troughs and high, straight, narrow specimen glasses with individual blossoms, placed at intervals, form a good effect. Should you wish to give your men guests boutonnières, select violets or pink carnations. These are the latest English styles, and have quite superseded the chrysanthemum as a coat flower.

#### A NEW BLOUSE.

The blouse of the past would scarcely recognize its present modish relative. These dainty bodices are greatly in favor now for evening wear, being fashioned in demi-toilette style, elbow-sleeved and a trifle décolleté. An exceedingly smart blouse is shown in the sketch. It is of pale-pink surah, the sleeves of which form one great puff, finished at the elbow with a deep frill. The blouse is laid back from the neck in plaited revers, a style exceedingly becoming to a full throat, and is bound at the waist with a plaited sash and rosette of pink surah.

#### THE WONDERS OF FASHION.

GREAT was Diana of the Ephesians, and great are the fashions of the Parisians. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, and the thousand temples of the devotees of fashion are a wonder of the modern world. It is a celebrated legend: "Let me make the songs of a people and I care not who makes the laws." Much more truly could it be said: "Let me make the fashions of a people and I care not who makes the laws." An outward and visible sign for an inward and spiritual grace would be an ideal guide for fashion.

Diogenes was of so philosophic a spirit that he could live in a tub, and the highest favor that the great Alexander could extend to him was to stand out of his sunlight. Nowadays, "nothing is too good for us," and "we want the earth." We are the inheritors of the combined wealth of all the centuries. That once fabulously wealthy and mysterious country—the East, ever beckoning on the navigators of the Middle Ages, and which Columbus sought a new way to find, and so found a new hemisphere—is now, from the standpoint of Christendom, only the back yard of the world. "The gold of Ophir and the cattle on a thousand hills" is a poetical statement of wealth, but those ancient sources of riches do not compare in results with a Comstock Lode, the slaughter yards of Chicago, the stock farms of New Jersey. Cleopatra, with her maidens afloat on the Nile and decked to meet the ruler of the world, could probably be discounted a hundred times over by beauty and adornments at a New York horse show. The heritage that pertained to monarchs now pertains to citizens. But the monarchs of no previous age dreamed of what is now the common privilege of all. The fashion that is current in Paris to-day will be current in Yokohama in a month. We not only inherit the ideas and the products of the past, but the thing of to-day, good for man to know or to have, immediately disseminates itself. The world shares it at once with its creator.

All this shows how homogeneous the world is becoming. We copy each the other's virtues, and, alas! his faults. There is a censor abroad in the land—the periodical press—but it, unfortunately, is no Delphian Oracle to eliminate the bad from the good, and they both, about equally, reverberate around the world.

Our means have advanced more rapidly than our knowledge of their use. Could we only make the best use of everything at hand, that would be an earnest of the long foretold millennium. We clothe the body and we stimulate the spirit with that which is good and bad. That great

French woman, Mme. de Staël, said that great and noble thoughts would come to the mind that was ready to receive them, that could harbor them. There are points, excellent in themselves, that become perverted and distorted in their application by another. The grand dame can swish to her carriage in robes that have required the accumulated art and science of the centuries to create; in a parlor with dress and articles of the best production, she is the supremest product of civilization. But, somewhat in imitation, let a dress be trailed and dragged—and the more superior the garment the worse the offense—on the street, and incongruity, waste and filth are alike expressed, and the passable, worshipful woman relapses toward the savage and the sloven.

The mind that cannot originate can imitate, and how many in the latter act find their only field of mental activity! Clothing, about equally with food and shelter, occupies the attention of the human family. Herr Tensfeldtrockh has founded a whole philosophy of life upon clothes. The dude—able to imitate if not to invent with cleverness, and with power to spend with lavishness—becomes one of the leading characters of the world. The wits cannot "down" him; he "bobs up serene" after every encounter. He goes down hunting quail on Long Island in gorgeous hunting array. A snipe rises before him, and somebody shouts: "Why don't you shoot?" His answer is: "I haven't got on my snipe hunting suit."

At the base of fashion is the easy procurability of everything the world produces. The man who lives and clothes himself on what he himself is able to appropriate from Nature is not a man of fashion. But now each thing is exchangeable for every other thing, and though a man can only throw somersaults, if he can do it sufficiently well, he can have his pick of what there is in the world. The extreme fashions of dress and living, by reason of the exchangeability being modern, are themselves modern.

It is so easy to get things that people take what they do not require and demoralize themselves in doing it. This easy procurability is so new that people do not discriminate between what is really valuable and appropriate to themselves and what is not. This is especially the fault of Americans, who recognize in no one a superior, and so imitate what is presented to them as the best. A woman who rides down the avenue in her carriage must be copied in her dress by the one who sweeps along afoot on Fourteenth street. The parlor costume sets the fashion for the shop girl, the woman whose every want is anticipated is taken as the model by the one whose business it is to attend to the wants of others.

Overdressing and inappropriate dressing are, perhaps, the special sins of Americans; first, because they have greater means to dress with, and, second, because substantially they recognize no rank in life but one. Each is eligible to the highest rank, and he asserts himself by dressing as though he were already in it.

In most countries of Europe the peasantry are still recognized as a distinct class, and maintain customs that have been handed down from times immemorial. A Dutch peasant woman on fête days wears a headgear of burnished gold, many of them with projections from the temples in front. There is no apparent use for the ornament, and the only thing said to account for the projection is that it prevents rude men from kissing the wearer. When we commenced in this country, fashion was nearly an unwritten page; tradition counted for but little. Now we ape those unfortunate creatures, a large part of whose life it is to astound the groundlings with their clothes. The results are, immoral and senseless imitations, countless incongruities, woeful waste and want.

#### "JULIEN GORDON" AT HOME.

THE home of a woman who is not only rich and beautiful, but also clever, is always of interest. Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger at Idlesse Farm, near Oyster Bay, Long Island, is not only interesting, but beautiful.

The house is colonial in architecture and magnificent in its proportions. "Julien Gordon's" description of a country place in her story, "Mademoiselle Réséda," answers well for "Idlesse," and perhaps Mrs. Cruger had her own place in mind.

The entrance hall might be a reproduction of an old Pompeian one. There is the mosaic floor, the rows of white pillars on either side reaching back to the splashing fountain, palms and ferns, and some excellent pieces of statuary. A door, at the rear of the hall, leads out to the lawn that stretches down to the shores of the Sound.

Among the furnishings of the hall are a low Turkish lounge covered with a tiger's skin and heaped with cushions. A little table stands near to hold books, papers and a vase of flowers. A long and low table, entirely of marble, is set forth with a silver service in readiness for five o'clock tea.

The next apartment in order is the dining-room, which opens from the left of the hall. This room is baronial in size and aspect, with a fireplace huge enough to roast the traditional ox. True to English precedent, the room is very somber—simply a background as to furnishings for the table, which is the beauty spot of the place, glittering with its silver, crystal and candles.

The square oak table has a narrow border carved with emblems of the chase. The leather-covered chairs are also handsomely carved, and the sideboards correspond. Two or three screens and some standing-lamps complete the furnishing of the room. On the floor of the dining-room is a crimson rug. The walls are covered with paper of the same color, and the hangings are of heavy crimson damask.

Opening from the dining-room is Colonel Cruger's den, with a telephone connecting "Idlesse" with the outside world, a small bookcase, a lounge and a writing-desk.

We next explore the mysteries of the library—a room

with an arched ceiling and its walls covered with embossed blue velvet. An array of books, easy-chairs and lounges, with some fine paintings, are seen.

The ballroom, with its highly polished floor, looks even larger than it is with its four large mirrors. This room is naturally devoid of furniture, with the exception of a few divans here and there against the wall, and a grand piano.

In one corner of the room is an object of more than ordinary interest—the cradle in which Napoleon III. was rocked. Mrs. Cruger recently added this relic to her possessions, and has put it to good use in her ballroom, for it forms a receptacle for flowers. The cradle is made of highly polished wood, with gold ornamentation.

Opening from one corner of the ballroom is Mrs. Cruger's boudoir, where are seen the dainty belongings necessary to a lady's toilette. The chairs look almost too dainty for use. The mantle, only three feet high, is broad enough to make up for what it lacks in height, and holds some old family miniatures. Many photographs of Mrs. Cruger's particular friends find a place in the boudoir. There is a full-length one of Mrs. William Astor, in which she looks very regal in her velvet robe and point lace. Another beautiful picture in the room is that of Mrs. Duncan Elliott, née Sallie Hargous; among other pictures is one of Mrs. W. D. Sloane.

Mrs. Cruger's latest book, "Marionettes," prettily bound, rests with others on a little stand.

Some charming sketches by Mr. Henry McVickar are one of the adornments of the boudoir, together with a mandolin, much decorated. Mrs. Cruger, by the way, plays this instrument as well as the piano; she also sings.

Another quaint apartment on the ground floor is designated as the "Umbr," and a more charming place it would be hard to find. Semicircular in shape, through the open windows one looks out upon the lawn and grove at one side, and the Sound at the other. The floor is of brick, but is nearly covered with rugs. A hammock hangs in one corner; there are jars of growing plants and baskets of vines suspended from the ceiling. As to chairs, divans, rugs, books and flowers, there is an *embarras de richesse*. Tennis rackets, thrown down in one corner, show that the game has its devotees. "Dolce far niente," should be the motto of the apartment, and "The Lotus Eaters" the one poem to read.

From the windows Mrs. Cruger can watch for her husband's return every afternoon from town, in his steam-yacht. He has a sailing and a steam-yacht—*Allegra*, the name of one, *Indolence* of the other.

In addition to the two yachts as means of transportation to and fro by water, the means of locomotion by land are various, at least the vehicles are of all sorts and descriptions, from a jumper to a drag; Mrs. Cruger's favorite carriage is a victoria. There are nearly a dozen horses in the stables, and of dogs a goodly retinue: two St. Bernards, three mastiffs, a collie and a Newfoundland; the latter, Sachs by name, is Colonel Cruger's favorite; Prax, a splendid mastiff, claims Mrs. Cruger's particular care and affection; Pedro and Mitz are the two St. Bernards.

The second floor of "Idlesse" contains thirteen rooms, besides the nine sleeping-rooms for the servants. The room of greatest interest is naturally the one belonging to the mistress of the mansion. It is very daintily furnished in pink and white, with a delicate perfume over all. The ceiling is a mass of pink roses, and the walls are covered with pale sea-green paper.

The toilette-table has its array of silver, and its pink and white draperies, decorated with filmy lace. The furniture is of white wood.

The desk at which Mrs. Cruger does all her literary work stands near a window. It is a flat top desk. There is a row of books of reference in very plebeian bindings, a blotter bound in silver, and a tiny crystal inkstand, but there is very little of that literary confusion one expects to see.

The usual programme of the day, when no company is staying at "Idlesse," is somewhat as follows: A cup of coffee and the mail, which the maid takes to Mrs. Cruger at eight o'clock. After she has taken her bath and dressed, she seats herself at her desk and remains at work with her pen until one o'clock, when she makes her first appearance downstairs, at the luncheon-table.

The afternoon is spent possibly in reading or driving, a stroll about the place or to the garden, with the directions of various matters connected with her household. At five o'clock tea is served in the hall or the "Umbr," as may happen. At seven o'clock dinner is announced.

Large house parties are features of Summer life at "Idlesse," as many as twelve being entertained at once. From Friday until Monday the house always has guests. Their rooms are designated as the "gold room," the "yellow room," the "lilac room," the "pink room," and one, rather more modest than its fellows in appearance, the "ash room"—the furniture being of that particular wood. To keep such an establishment going requires the services of nine domestics. A more beautiful and artistic country home it would hardly be possible to find. M. G.

#### WOMAN, AWAKE AND WATCHFUL.

THE men who still doubt that women are interested in the heavier and knottier questions of the day may be astonished to learn of a course of lectures soon to be delivered in New York to the gentler sex. The lecturer is General Francis A. Walker, long known as a careful student and statistician, and now president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His topics are to be: "The Restriction of Immigration," "Socialism," "The Causes of Poverty," and "The Laborer and His Employer." To the suggestion that to offer such solid intellectual food does not imply that it will be accepted, the reply may be made that the tickets to these lectures, each being more costly than the best theater seats, are in lively demand. Moral: Some women do think.





THE CREATION OF BIRDS OF GORGEOUS PLUMAGE.

[Translated from the French by Frank Linstow White.]

OTHERS will tell you, perhaps, that toys date from the fifteenth century, and that the land of their origin is Germany, at Nuremburg, or the Black Forest. Don't believe them. Such stories are invented by bald and overscholarly old savants. Here is the truth:

Toward the end of a year, so long ago that the exact date has been forgotten, Christmas was near at hand, and the recording angel was just closing up his accounts for the year. When he had shut his great book with its corners of gold, in which the sins are all written down, and had laid aside his spectacles, he called Saint Nicholas and said:

"There are many, very many good little children who say their prayers regularly, obey their papas and mammas, and—hardly ever—tell a falsehood. They deserve reward. You must go down to the earth and make something for those little children."

In the thirtieth part of a second Saint Nicholas had conceived the idea of toys. In less than a minute he was on his journey. When he reached the earth he heard a child sobbing and praying.

"Dear Saint Nicholas," said a voice, "come, help me, and do not forsake a poor little child that believes in you."

The good saint stopped, and saw, at the door of an old house, a pale and pretty little boy, who appeared to be very unhappy. He said his papa and mamma were dead, that he was all alone in the world, and the house in which he was born was to be sold. Large yellow posters were on the wall, signed by a wicked bailiff.

Saint Nicholas was moved to pity and murmured into his beard: "Poor little boy. I will take this house myself." He entered, and began forthwith to manufacture toys. In the twinkling of an eye the house was filled with ducks, punchinellos, doll-houses and leaden soldiers, wonderful to behold. There were enough for years and years of all forms and patterns.

When all were done, Saint Nicholas said: "I shall adopt this little child and teach him how to make toys."

The little boy, now consoled, slept peacefully.

Next day, when the wicked bailiff came to attach the property, he found the house occupied. Saint Nicholas paid him, to the last cent, and, to make fun of him, he gave him his portrait into the bargain, in the shape of a very ugly Jack-in-the-box. Then he put him out.

The little boy grew in wisdom and skill. From the four corners of the earth, whither rumor had spread, people came to buy his toys as models. He became very rich, and his descendants to-day still manufacture toys in the same house.

That is how Saint Nicholas became the patron saint of little children, and how and why toys were invented.

Now that we have no doubt as to the true origin of the first toys, we can try to study their manufacture.

The drawings show how animals are put together. Up in the sixth story of the great toy shop, under the roof, in a small room lit from above, brother and sister are seated at their work-table. She has dipped her left hand into a dish which we see by her side, and taken out little pieces of paper soaked in paste. One after another she lays them on the bottom and against the inner sides of a plaster mold placed before her and representing, in intaglio, half of the body of an animal—a duck, for instance. Then with her right hand, armed with a wooden spatula, she rams down the paper pulp so as to make it penetrate into all the windings of the mold, the impression and form of which it is to assume. Then the mold is laid aside for a few minutes.

Gradually the pulp thickens, takes on shape, stiffens and dries. A smart little blow, and a regular sheet of papier-mache is detached from the mold representing half an animal.

The man, however, has not remained inactive. He has taken the half-bodies which his sister has placed before

him, and has connected them, two and two, with glue to form a complete animal.

There, it is done. Behold the pretty duck he has just made by this process, and which he still holds delicately between his hands for an instant.

Behind him is a stove, over which the bodies are suspended from a frame so that they may thoroughly harden and dry.

That is the first step in manufacturing. The animal now passes into the hands of the feather-workers, if it be a bird, or of the furrier, if it be a quadruped. Another illustration represents feather-workers at work.

Boards laid across horses form a light and convenient table, around which five young girls are seated on high chairs, while a sixth is standing. The papier-mache bodies of a whole poultry yard in miniature—cocks, hens and ducks—have just been brought in and are to be feathered. Observe how pretty and graceful all five of these workers are! The one who is standing has just taken the body of a duck from the iron rods of the frame, and passed it on



PUTTING THE FLEECE ON SHEEP.



to the pretty blonde beside her. At the feet of the latter is a gaping big bag full of feathers, colored according to the birds for which they are destined. The girl has plunged her hand into them and spread out a lot on the table before her. With her left hand she now seizes the duck, while her right takes the dripping-brush out of the paste-pot. Slap! a few drops on a portion of the animal's body; that is the first part of the operation. Look at her left-hand neighbor applying a feather to the paste-covered spot; that is the second part. Feather upon feather, the bird is thus covered; then it is placed on a bureau or hung up once more on a frame to get its final drying.

The drawings show all the phases of the operation. The duck which the first workman is beginning is still bare and looks stupid, while the cock, which the second is finishing, already looks life-like; he puts on an air of importance, spreads the feathers that decorate his tail, and, so complete is the illusion, seems about to fly away.

Another illustration represents the interior of a shop where the quadrupeds are furnished with hides. It does not need a long description.

We have seen how the bodies are molded, now behold how they are covered with skins. The operation is the same as in feathering. Paste is put on the papier-mache: over this the skin with its wool; a dab of red from the brush for the tongue and the lips; some blue or pink ribbons in the fleece; rollers are screwed to the feet, and the sheep is done.

Now let us go see Punchinello, the man who laughs.

A queer destiny is that of Punchinello, and truly human! Who is he? Whence does he come? No one knows. What does he think? Nothing. He only laughs.

With rather a big hand, made coarse by work, and spatulate fingers, the workman has taken a face of papier-



THE "PUNCH" ARTIST.

mache from the table and is pasting it to the clown's hunchbacked body held between his knees. Sometimes the body does not exist. A spiral of iron wire, at the end of which are the arms and legs, some pieces of red and blue cloth over all, a little tinsel at the seams, some bells, and there you have Punchinello.

Grave and serious, his brow furrowed with deep wrinkles by the cares of life, the workman labors hard; but Punchinello laughs. See him, completely finished, perched on the table at which the workman is toiling; he laughs; lying at his feet as a shapeless skeleton of twisted wire,

he still laughs as a simple head. Finally, beside the paste-pot, he laughs always.

He laughs! That is his humanity!

Punchinello has a cousin, Mr. Jack-in-the-box. Made of wire like his laughing relative, he, however, makes a wry face and tries to scare us. But he, too, deceives no one—not even the children whom he is intended to frighten.

To finish with the toys of this class, let us say a word about the Humpty Dumpty. The large head of papier-mache which the artist is painting, is also made in a mold by the processes already described. His immense vermilion mouth, open like an oven, will be the objective point for projectiles of all forms and colors, which will fly into it or not, according to the skill or awkwardness of the players. A model to be followed is he, an example of life, in the course of which man must learn to receive with open mouth, and to swallow smilingly, and without faltering, things sometimes as hard to digest, or even harder, than wooden balls.

And now enough of papier-mache. Wood and metal also play an important part in the manufacture of toys. Little need be said concerning wooden toys, which are frequently turned on a lathe, as tops, ninepins, etc. But



SAINT NICHOLAS PUTTING ON THE FINISHING TOUCHES.

watch them make toy theaters and doll-houses. The wooden portion—the "carpenter work"—is first put up, then there are young girls who affix the fittings, paste colored paper over the façades, and, above all, gild the moldings and accessories.

The transition from wooden to iron toys is marked by drums, trumpets, and—more complicated by the invention of a superior art—clockwork and mechanics. The conception of the music-box was a bit of genius, but to watch the workman making it is to pity him. With the aid of pincers he forces the little steel rods, passed over to him by an apprentice standing at his side, into a wooden roller covered with cardboard. An air of musical melancholy and chromatic sadness fills the room, and we leave it hastily to pass to that most popular creation of the leaden soldier.

In a large and well-lit room the pewterers, wearing thick leather aprons, are seated around a large furnace of fire-brick, with two hearths, surmounted by two wind-sails for collecting and carrying off the noxious vapors. Melted lead, more or less mixed with tin, is the alloy employed. Behind the workmen is a box for receiving the toys manufactured, and a tub full of water. Watch them work.

Each man has before him a small hollow mold representing a soldier, the two matrices that compose the mold joining hermetically. The workman plunges his ladle into the molten mass, pours the lead into the mold, and then quickly thrusts the latter into the water. A little hiss and steam, the mold opens, and, now cooled, glittering in the sunlight, as bright as a new penny, the leaden soldier rises, proud and mustachioed. The toy has followed the trans-



"CHILDREN OF OUR CHILDREN."



THE MODELERS.



formations that modern military science has wrought in the army. What disdain is shown for the wooden soldier of old, shapeless and uncouth, and even for the old leaden soldier! With the heavy metal ram sliding between two uprights, the stamper strikes a square piece of tin-plate, previously heated. Bang! and half a horseman in relief emerges. On the other side of the work-bench, young girls solder the two halves of the stamped figure together, and we have a complete tin soldier, a miniature but truly correct image of our proud-looking dragoons. These troopers then pass into the hands of young girls, who with deft and careful touches of the brush, color them up into a more life-like aspect. There, the regiment is complete. It must be quickly dried. The little soldiers are to be inclosed in a drying-stove. Like a daughter of Gulliver, holding the army of Lilliput on a tray, the young working-woman shelves them in the stove; and in forty-eight hours they will be dry.

We have yet to tell the story of the doll, in the making of which the French have no rivals.

What has not been said of the doll? Legends, merry, sentimental and sad tales—of all these has it been made the subject. Child of our children, favorite toy of the little girl, the doll is almost as old as the world.

The dolls of to-day are generally of papier-mache, made by the process we already know, with a head of polished porcelain. These heads are modeled; a fine paste made of kaolin is put into molds and dried, care having been taken to leave openings for the eyes. Then the heads bake for twenty-four hours in an oven. As soon as they are cool they are colored; they then return to the oven, after which the enamel eyes, fixed with wax, are fastened to



OUR OLD FRIEND PUNCHINELLO.

the back of the face. Some dolls have in their heads a little counterbalanced mechanism, on which are mounted the movable eyelids, which are raised and lowered, simulating waking and sleep. The top of the head is a disc of papier-mache, fitted in tightly, and to which the hairs are affixed—threads of twisted wool, appropriately colored. They must now be dressed, and we see two working-girls at this task. The dressing of the doll is an important matter, for fashion, with all its caprices and tyrannies, must be followed. The doll is one of the great institutions of Paris. The doll of to-day owes everything to the elegance, the finish and the skill of the French.

Finally they are all put into boxes. On a long table, the boxes are arranged side by side. A string of working-girls defile before them, each with an apronful of toys of one special kind. As each girl passes she drops a toy into each box. Those following her do the same. When all have passed, each box contains exactly, and without the chance of a mistake, the number and kinds of toys which it is intended to receive.

The toys have given up all their secrets to us, with the exception of a single one. How is it that every year, on the 24th of December, on Christmas Eve, the stockings which the little children hang by the fireplaces are filled with toys? How do they get there? That is a grave question that has been much debated by learned men. We know the secret, but we have promised not to betray it; besides, and it is sacred on that account, it is the secret of the toys themselves and of good old Santa Claus.

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## THE AMERICAN STAGE.

SARDOU has not attempted the satire of "Uncle Sam" in his comedy of "Americans Abroad," which has been produced at the Lyceum Theater. He has unfolded a very interesting story of some wealthy Americans in Paris, who, weary of the attentions they receive because of their riches, pretend to fall and go to live in humble quarters, where they find true friends. Studio life is charmingly depicted. The idea is not altogether new, but it is cleverly handled by the great French author, who has been fortunate in being a good translator. The local coloring is that of a master hand. The principal parts are admirably played by Miss Cayvan, Miss Effie Shapton, Mrs. Charles Walcott, Mr. Kelcey, Mr. Lemoine and Mr. Augustus Cook, and the comedy will probably hold the boards for many weeks to come.

Mr. Goodwin continues to attract crowded houses at the Fifth Avenue Theater in "A Gilded Fool," which, on the whole, is decidedly the best work which Henry Guy Carlton has yet produced. Mr. Goodwin, who will be succeeded January 2d by "Baroness" Blanc, is anxious to play David Garrick before he closes his engagement, if only for a professional matinee.

The character of Julia in "The Hunchback" is a severe test, and in supporting Miss Rehan to it Mr. Daly boldly risked a good deal. While her personation is character, it is at the same time a good personation. The cautious critic of the Times pronounces it entirely acceptable. The achievement is something for Miss Rehan to be proud of. Her *Rosalind* is well known. In the legitimate Mr. Beauclerk lacks strength, but is sympathetic and graceful. Mr. George Clarke, who closely follows the traditions, shares the honors with Miss Rehan. Mr. Daly has sumptuously staged his old comedy revivals.

The Bostonians will produce "The Knickerbockers" at the Garden Theater next week, their last, as Miss Lillian Russell and her opera company will open on December 28th in "La Cigale," which will be followed by "The Mountebank." There is no necessity for the Bostonians to change their bill, for "Robin Hood" continues to attract crowded houses, and the new work could be reserved for next season.

"The Ensign," a naval drama by William Haworth, a younger brother of the leading man, Joseph Haworth, is the attraction at the Fourteenth Street Theater. The drama is founded on the episode in the late Civil War of the capture of Mason and Sidel by the gallant Captain Wilkes and the international troubles arising therefrom, and the subject is skillfully treated by the young author. Incidental characters are President Lincoln and Admiral Farragut. Mrs. W. G. Jones, Logan Paul, Howard Scott and Charles Scott play the principal parts.

Mr. Thomas Q. Seabrooke, who is one of the most versatile actors of the day, pleasantly remembered for his personation of Bill Nye, has made a hit at the Manhattan Opera House in "The Isle of Champagne," which is a rollicking, bright comic opera written for him by Charles Alfred Byrnes and Louis Harrison. Mr. Seabrooke is well supported by his own company, and for the first time since the opening of the Manhattan is crowded.

Mrs. Bernard Beere has abandoned her tour and will return to England. It is to be regretted that her repertory did not contain several new plays, as she was handicapped by appearing in old ones. She failed to attract in Australia for the same reason. In London she is a great favorite and may be confident of a warm welcome home.

Mr. Willard has made a hit as Sir Peter Lound, the old physician, who detects a poisoning case in "A Fool's Paradise," which has followed "John Neddham's Bauble" at the Star Theater. The story of the play is strongly suggestive of the famous Maybrick case. Mr. Willard will remain at the Star three weeks longer.

Mr. Marcus Mayer is already making extensive preparations for the farewell tour of Mme. Patti in this country next Fall, when she will make her re-entrance at the Columbus World's Fair. Mme. Patti recently concluded her concert tour in the English provinces, and is now resting at her Craig-y-nos castle; but she is entertaining an offer to appear in Italian opera in London, and to sing Juliet at the Grand Opera House, Paris, on the occasion of the one hundredth performance of Gounod's opera. The warmth of the reception accorded her wherever she has appeared is convincing that she is without a peer. The *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* says: "The triumph achieved by Patti was but a customary one for an artist who for years has been familiar with the sight of nations listening in rapt admiration at her feet. A special private room was set apart for her use in the Town Hall, and everything was done to provide for the luxurious comfort to which the matchless queen of song is everywhere accustomed. In Edinburgh, where she opened the musical season, the nobility was largely represented. The Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, honored the great diva with a visit at her hotel. Her pathetic and artistic delivery of 'Home, Sweet Home,' was unapproachable, and aroused her audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm."

Mr. Bronson Howard, who is an intense lover of his country, attributes largely the success of "Aristocracy," which still crowds Palmer's Theater, to the fact that he wrote as he felt, and consequently has given his actors and actresses living lines which never fail to enlist the interest and arouse the enthusiasm of his audiences. He did not secure a copyright in England, as he says the play will never be wanted there.

The indefatigable manager and owner of the Harlem Opera House, the Columbus Theater, and the Manhattan Opera House has decided to follow at the latter the bubbling and sparkling comic opera of "The Isle of Champagne" with a season of English grand opera, commencing January 2d. This theater is better adapted to opera than drama, and since the ruin by fire of the Metropolitan Opera House there is no place in the city more suitable for the purpose. Mr. Hammerstein has engaged Mme. Georgina von Jannachowsky, Miss Annie Alba, Agnes Dellaport, Theresa Dorri, Durwood Lely, Conrad Behrens, Otto Rathjens and Adolf Neundorff, musical conductor. "Eosabill" will probably be the first production, as Mr. Hammerstein has purchased the rights for this country. The repertory will include "Carmen," "Fidelio," "The Golden Web" (a new work to be produced in England), "Emmer-

alda," "L'Africaine," "The Jewess," "Faust" and "The Huguenots." There will be forty-two subscription performances, for which the lists have been opened.

The Christmas attraction at the Windsor Theater will be Mr. John L. Sullivan in "A Man from Boston." Corbett recently played at the People's Theater. Sullivan follows closely in Corbett's route. Of the two it is generally conceded Corbett is the better actor, being a more intelligent man.

Sydney Rosenfeld's comedy of "Imagination" will soon succeed "Little Tuppert" at Herrmann's Theater, where, considering it does not amount to much, it has attracted large houses.

"The New South" will succeed "The Prodigal Father" at the Broadway Theater in January, with Mr. Joseph Grimmer and Miss Phoebe Davis in the principal characters.

Miss Fanny Davenport has been playing "Cleopatra" at the Harlem Opera House, succeeding the Coghilans in "Diplomacy."

Miss Rosina Vokes and company have been playing at the Tremont Theater, Boston.

John Stetson's production of "The Crust of Society" at the Globe Theater, Boston, with Joseph Haworth and Conie Turner, has attracted much attention. Next De Wolf Hopper in "Wang." Justin McCarthy's son, Justin Huntley McCarthy, has made the dramatization of "Judith Gautier," under the title of "The Queen of Brides," a Japanese play, now in rehearsal at Daly's Theater.

That enterprising firm, Messrs. Jefferson, Klaw & Erlanger cut short the run of "The Country Circus" at the Broadway Theater, in order to obtain three weeks for a production of "The Prodigal Father," which was presented on the 12th. The principal parts were acceptably played by Messrs. George C. Boniface, George Denham, George Gaston, Miss Cora Mary and Miss Hope Rowe.

Mr. Hill confidently expects that "The Fencing Master" will hold the boards of the Casino until the close of the season. Miss Tempest has made a hit, and whenever she

is prevented from indisposition from appearing there is a decline in the business.

Stuart Robson has added Buckstone's comedy of "Married Life" to his repertory, and will produce it during his approaching engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theater.

Mr. John Drew, probably rattled by the praises bestowed in some quarters on Miss Maud Adams's performance, has finished his portrait of the young doctor in "The Masked Ball" to a degree that it is a most enjoyable piece of acting.

Neil Burgess will be followed at Proctor's Theater week after next by the Irish drama of "Glen-da-Lough." It is about time for the revival of the Irish drama.

Manager Palmer has purchased from Charles Frohman the American rights of Oscar Wilde's play, "Lady Windermere's Fan," and his company will shortly produce it in Boston. In view of the success of "Aristocracy," it is not likely that the company will appear at the home theater this season.

Business has not been very good this season on the Pacific slope, but "My Official Wife" has made a hit and attracts crowded houses everywhere. The play will be produced in Chicago January 2d, and later in the month in this city.

Mr. W. H. Crane, who will reappear before long at the Star Theater, has played a very successful engagement in Philadelphia. Miss Annie O'Neil has been pronounced to the lead in several of the plays, and her performance has justified her elevation. She is a conscientious and painstaking young actress. C. F.



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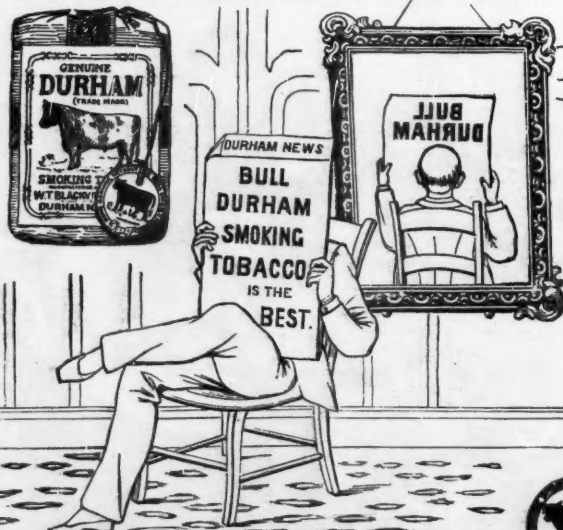
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## A WEEK OF THE WORLD.

COUNTLESS young men who coveted everything of the late Jay Gould except his coffin may be surprised to learn that Mr. Gould generally wanted and needed money quite as much as they. Property isn't money, as many able business men have often learned to their cost and misery; the larger a man's operations, and the more frequently he wants to make a "quick turn" or a "big strike," the oftener does he feel poverty pangs quite as keen as those of the young man who longs to sport a trotting horse and buggy, but has to content himself with a second-hand bicycle. Chauncey M. Depew is credited with the statement that the late William H. Vanderbilt, one of the three richest men in the United States, was always poor and in debt. Many business men can understand this strange statement, though the young men aforesaid will take no stock in it until they become business men themselves.

"Who reads the President's message nowadays?" is a question frequently asked in cities; it might be answered with startling results by anyone who knows the ways of smaller communities. There are hundreds of thousands of farmers who would as soon think of giving up plowing and planting as of neglecting "the message"; they, their fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers have always read President's messages as a matter of course, not only for information, but out of respect for the President of the United States. City men, who have big newspapers daily, beside more books than time, may satisfy themselves with brief abstracts of and editorials about the principal public document of the year, but farmers aren't made that way; they have plenty of time for thinking and aren't a bit afraid of the size of any new subject that may come to hand. They vote, too—a fact which city men seem sometimes to forget.

Since I wrote, several weeks ago, of the remarkable speed made by some rival locomotives in a trial test, an engineering journal has reported a run during which two miles were covered at the rate of ninety-seven miles an hour! Old railway engineers will be the last men who would care to ride on or behind such a machine except over an absolutely perfect roadbed; but one of the pleasing results of fast locomotives will be a general improvement of track and ballast to correspond. At ninety-seven miles an hour a train would soon be thrown off of the track of any but the best roads, and the locomotive's first run would be its last. Greater speed for special trains implies safer tracks for general passenger traffic on the same line, and fewer inquests over the remains of unsuspecting travelers.

Many collectors of autographs and letters of distinguished men are being made wretched by the discovery that a lawyer's clerk at Edinburgh has been arrested for writing and selling documents said to be in the handwriting of Burns, Scott and others. Small wonder need there be if dozens of similar scamps are unearthed, for the imitation of individual penmanship is an old and popular art and a common crime, the principal difficulty in the case of any man not now living being the finding or imitating paper of the time in which the alleged writer lived. Forgeries of documents dated earlier than the discovery of paper is easy, for parchment was of no particular period or style, and an old skin may be made ready for use by "dressing off" the original writing. The late Michel Chevalier, of France, the greatest mathematician of his day, and also a persistent autograph-hunter, was almost beggared and crazed by the discovery that some of his supposed treasures were spurious. As to that, many American admirers of a noted Southern writer are said to be treasuring autographs written by an office boy who extracted the requests from the waste-basket.

A New Jersey story recently told, whether true or no, deserves to be repeated and pondered wherever party managers are arranging to replace incumbents of appointive offices. It is that no trouble came of a general change made a few years ago, the reason being that for the place of each official removed a better man was found. A few changes, on this principle, would fill all offices with the best men in the community, which, strange though it may seem to politicians, is the idea on which republics are founded and without which they cannot endure.

Why is the Christmas spirit dropping out of literature, as certainly it is? In spite of millions of people who go devoutly to church and are supposed to make much of the incident which Christmas Day commemorates, season after season passes without yielding a notable Christmas book. Are authors irreligious, or do publishers think that Christmas—the genuine and original article—is old-fashioned and out of date?

The newest religion—so-called—has started in North Carolina. The sect calls itself "The Holy Ones." It teaches that husbands and wives who were not sanctified should leave each other, and that men of the sect may have as many wives as they choose. What these people preach has long been practiced in many States, and is described, at length, in all criminal codes, although no one out of Utah has thought to call it religious.

According to a recent judicial decision in this city, three judges being on the bench, it costs only a hundred dollars to slap a man's face in New York. To men of means and enemies, this will seem the cheapest luxury ever devised; indeed, many a poor man would economize on rum and clothes a long time to save a hundred dollars for such an indulgence.

Among American farmers, as in every other class of citizens, there seems to be radical differences of opinion as to what class legislation, if any, is needed by men who get their livelihood by tilling the soil. Most of us still remember the theories and demands which the farmers who formed the great majority of the "People's" party put into their platform a few years ago; but one must search in vain for any of them in the conclusions of the National



MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS IN HIS OFFICE IN "THE LEDGER" BUILDING.

## A NATIONAL JOURNAL.

THE Philadelphia *Ledger* is one of the institutions of this country, and anything that jeopardizes its safety must be a source of pain and anxiety to everybody. A fire partly injured the *Ledger* building, at Sixth and Chestnut streets, on the night of December 6th, completely destroying the west end of 602 Chestnut street and the upper floors of the northeast corner. The loss amounted to \$150,000 to Messrs. Childs and Drexel and \$50,000 to the tenants. The insurance on the building is \$160,000 and that on the contents \$80,000. The presses in the basement of the Sixth street building were saved by the prompt action of the fire patrol in covering them with blankets, but the floor was flooded with water, making it impossible to use them. The valuable library on the third floor was badly damaged by water, but Mr. Childs's rare collection of curios and bric-a-brac in his private office was saved without damage. In recognition of the heroism of the firemen, Mr. Childs sent Mayor Stuart a check for \$5,000 for the police and firemen's pension fund. After the fire was under control he arranged to have the police and firemen provided with refreshments. The origin of the fire is not known.

In his "Recollections," Mr. Childs says: "I purchased the *Public Ledger* in 1864 and much of the success of the paper has been due to the cordial and intelligent co-operation of my friend, A. J. Drexel. The war, by greatly increasing the cost of labor and material, chiefly the white paper, had made it impossible to continue, save at a loss, the publication of the *Ledger* as a penny paper. It had been sold at a cent ever since it was started, in 1836, and Swain and Abell, then the proprietors, though they had lost over \$100,000 by keeping the rate at 'six and a quarter cents per week,' were averse to a change. There they made their great mistake. They seemed to regard the past prosperity of the *Ledger* as due alone to its selling for a penny. They forgot that in 1864 the purchasing power of a penny was not what it was before the war. Cheapness, indeed, was a vital feature of the journal; but to sell the *Public Ledger* for a penny was to give it half away. Thus the proprietors, unable to agree to increase the price of the paper or the rates of advertising, determined to dispose of their property. The *Ledger* was for sale, and I bought it—the whole of it, just as it was—for a sum slightly in excess of the amount of its annual loss. It was not generally known, of course, that the establishment was then losing about \$480 upon every number of the paper which it issued. To all appearances it was as prosperous as ever; the circulation was great, the columns were crowded with advertisements. Yet, as a matter of fact, there was a weekly loss of \$3,000, or \$150,000 a year.

"The *Ledger* was purchased on the 3d of December, 1864. A week later I announced two simple but radical changes. I doubled the price of the paper and advanced the advertising rates to a profitable figure. Of course there was an instant and not inconsiderable falling off of patronage. But the *Ledger* was already an 'institution' of the city: for twenty years it had been the established medium of communication between employers and employed, between buyers and sellers, landlords and tenants, bereaved families and their friends. To very many people it was a necessity. So, although at first I lost some subscribers and advertisers, they were soon won back again. At the end of the month the price of the *Ledger* was reduced from twelve to ten cents a week, and from that day to this the circulation and advertising have increased. On the 20th of June, 1867, the present *Ledger* building was completed and formally opened. The ceremonies were followed by a banquet attended by many distinguished men from different parts of the country."

Grange, which has just been having its annual meeting. During the recent campaign there was much said in favor of the government lending money to farmers, taking mortgages on farm property as security; but when this plan was brought before the Grangers last week, in the form of a resolution, it was voted down by a majority as large as a lot of bankers would have given. Indeed, it would appear from the vote that the majority thought the borrowing of money was a practice which should be made as difficult as possible. On most other subjects discussed the Grangers displayed quite as much sense as their best friends hoped for, and more than Congress has always manifested when considering the same subjects. The results of the meeting will not surprise anyone who knows the agricultural community "from 'way back"; but they should reassure the millions who live in cities and who know the country element only by what they read about it during periods of political excitement.

The many prize-fighters whom their friends call respectable will rejoice to learn that "Charley" Mitchell, a heavy-weight of the pugilistic ring, is to exercise his muscle daily in prison during the next two months for having pummeled a man too old and inoffensive to defend himself. The one quality which does most to make professional bruisers endured by quieter people is good-nature; most of the fraternity, no matter how pugnacious they may be when earning their living by punching for prizes, are as merry and frolicsome as a lot of schoolboys, and keep their hands off of everyone who can't "put up" his own hands in return. Two months of hard labor won't hurt Mitchell as much as the scowls he will get when next he appears in "the profession."

Between the polite "stand-off" which Europe is giving our delegates to the monetary conference at Brussels, and the many new reports of rich "finds" of silver in the West, the chance of marketing our annual output for coinage purposes is becoming smaller and smaller. In the event of the supply continuing to exceed the demand, or even if it does not, the mine-owners might get rid of their yield, and perhaps raise the price, by offering large rewards to men who shall devise alloys of silver which may make the metal more in demand for domestic use. For instance, fully fifty million families in America and Europe dislike the shabbiness and taste of iron forks and pewter spoons; they would not use solid silver, even could they afford it, for fear of thieves; as for plated ware, it is more costly in the long run than pure silver, for it "wears" besides being clumsy. A non-corrosive alloy, out of which should be made the two articles named, and at the price of good plated ware, would "sweep the world" and call for all the metal our mines could supply, thus taking silver out of politics forever, besides unloading our Treasury vaults. Of course the first thing necessary would be to devise the alloy, but under proper inducement stranger things are done in metallurgy every year.

"Fish story" is a slang synonym for a thumping lie, but the most startling of recent yarns about fishes seems to be true. It is that while the English gunboat *Swallow* lay off Zanzibar, a few months ago, a big shark approached (for the customary purpose) two of the crew who were in swimming, when Boatswain McDermott interfered by jumping from the vessel and upon the shark's back, an operation which frightened the brute into running away, apparently without his rider, for McDermott has just received the medal of the Royal Humane Society for his daring deed. The story is all the better for being true, but it will make all imaginative specialists in fish stories very "white about the gills." JOHN HABBERTON.



## THE WONDERFUL SOUTH.

THREE decades ago it was the Old South, with her traditions, customs, institutions and manner of living for the benefit of the classes. To-day it is the New South, changed with the evolution of time, reinvigorated for a stupendous work for the betterment of the masses.

The conditions of the past are now recognized. Those of the South were diffusive and agricultural; those of the North were compact, cohesive and commercial. The tendencies of the times in the South were to the development of the individual.

Here are a few of the repellant forces that, in days gone by, placed the South in the background, stunted her development and retarded her industrial condition: Slavery, the one-crop idea, the onerous mortgage system and non-conformity to the true laws of political economy.

The attractive forces that to day are lifting her to the highest standard of advancement and progress are: Freedom, diversity, ownership and manufactures.

It is difficult to point to a more successful uplifting and upbuilding of a section of country in the history of nations after the bars and fences in a long lane of mistaken endeavor have been completely destroyed.

Looking back only one decade (from 1880 to 1890), it is found that in the South cotton-mills increased in number from a hundred and sixty-one to three hundred and thirty-four; spindles from half a million to two millions, and the value of products from sixteen to fifty-four million dollars, while woolen manufactures increased from four to ten millions.

In 1880 the banking capital of the South was \$92,000,000, while in 1890 it had increased to \$171,000,000. The total capital invested in manufactures and establishments of all kinds rose from \$179,000,000, in 1880, to \$551,000,000 in 1890.

To-day the South is the pivot of the world's evolution. Upon Southern resources every eye is fixed. This section of our common country is the *ultima thule* of the capitalist and the investor. With over fifteen millions of people and thirty thousand miles of railroad in operation, with cotton and other crops of great value, with manufactories and mills now large and constantly growing, and among them a production of iron nearly twice as great as that of the United States prior to 1865, and nearly one-third the world's production up to 1860, can anyone doubt the future of this doubly favored section? Contemplate the growth of the South in every element of material wealth. Take cotton, first. The South produces nearly three-fourths of the world's annual cotton crop; but, unfortunately, manufactures only about seven or eight per cent. of what it raises, the balance furnishing the material for the spindles of New England and Great Britain. The total crop of the world runs from about 10,000,000 to 11,000,000 bales, of which the South has lately raised, on an average, 7,000,000 bales.

The coal production in the South in 1870 was only 2,000,000 tons, while in 1890 it had increased to 18,000,000 tons. In fact, the South is now producing as much coal, iron ore and pig iron as the whole country produced twenty years ago. The iron ore mined in the South in 1870 amounted to hardly anything, but in 1890 her production of this ore equaled 2,917,529 tons.

In 1880 the South manufactured only 180,000 bales of her cotton, but in 1890 she manufactured 500,000 bales, an increase of 175 per cent.

An authority estimates that there are 215,000,000,000 feet of pine in the South, and 580,000,000,000 of other lumber trees, and that the total stock is worth \$8,000,000,000!

It is claimed that a conservative estimate would place the aggregate value of the South's agricultural products at not less than \$850,000,000.

The true value of property in the South in 1880 was \$7,105,917,300, and the value in 1889 was \$10,293,068,700—a gain of over \$3,000,000,000.

These are only a few pregnant facts, cited to illustrate the South's wonderful resources and growing possibilities, and with a view to show that the securities and properties of the South rest on the strongest and surest foundations that financiers can ask, and that they are full of assured value and excellent promise, and it is to be doubted whether anywhere else so many elements and conditions combine to invite capital and enterprise, intelligence and character.

If the South would only establish an industrial condition that would require a greater variety of articles of general consumption, then she would bring to her section a still greater diversification of manufactures. In time this end must of necessity be accomplished, just as other needs and necessities have been forced upon the South by circumstances. Edward Atkinson thus expresses himself regarding the South's adaptability to conform to the requirements of the times: "Schooled in adversity, the fiery Southerner turned his sword into a plowshare and put himself to work to repair and regain his fallen fortune, and as he cast his eyes around he saw at a glance those immense natural resources the God of nature had provided for him and stored so bountifully in the bowels of mother earth, and, as may be seen, the Southerner is up and moving, and will march on in the tide of progress until he is either squarely abreast of or in advance of his conqueror."

With increasing growth, with great mining and timber resources, with an enormous population-supporting area, with a salubrious soil and an unsurpassed climate, all backed up by the energy of an enthusiastic and intelligent people, it is not difficult for one to believe that beneath the skies of the sunny South there is about to open a period of industrial advancement the greatness of which has never been heard of or seen.

Now that she has established direct trade with Europe, the South is destined to have several seaport cities that will rival in population, wealth and trade the great commercial centers of the two hemispheres. The indications point strongly that way, evidenced by the fact that for

eight months ending February 28, 1891, the value of the foreign exports from all Southern ports was \$256,208,651, against \$242,704,355 for the corresponding period of 1890—an increase of \$13,504,316.

Judging from the movement of late to foster and encourage direct trade from Southern ports, the time cannot be far off when the South will develop a large foreign commerce. The vast traffic of the West will be largely directed from Northern to Southern ports, and the enormous output from Southern farms, mines and factories will seek an outlet to the sea through them. This will soon be seen in the growth of the places that have deep-water harbors. There is a great future for Southern seaports, such as Norfolk, Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, Mobile,

English financier, who is now visiting this country, is a tall, broad-shouldered, typically English-looking man with iron-gray hair and a strong, clear-cut face framed in closely cropped side-whiskers, but is smooth shaven as to lip and chin. In general make-up he might pass for a clergyman of the Established Church. He is cordial, yet reserved in manner, and has a quick and ready way of speaking. He is one of the directors of the Bank of England, and has served two years as its deputy governor and three as governor. In the latter capacity he won universal praise for his bold action in forming a syndicate to carry the Barings through their tight squeeze in 1890, and thus, it is believed, averted a gigantic panic, not only in English business circles, but in trade throughout the world. In



MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH AND TWO CAPTAINS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.  
[Sketched from life by our Special Artist, Mr. Fred. Morgan.]

Galveston and New Orleans. Which of these admirably located Southern cities on the South Atlantic will bid for and secure the prize?

HINTON A. HELPER.

NOTE.—We hope to publish during the Winter a series of articles on the New South by distinguished Southern men.—EDITOR.

## PURELY PERSONAL.

F. MARION CRAWFORD, the famous novelist, who is once more among us, stands six-foot-one, and is built accordingly—that is to say, he towers over ordinary men like an oak among underbrush, while his shoulders are square as a pair of scales. He is profoundly good-looking, his strong-marked bronzed face being framed in a light Vandyke beard, and lit up by the keenest of blue eyes. His accent and manner are such that he might easily be mistaken for an Englishman. But, in spite of all temptations, he is still an American, being the son of Thomas Crawford, the sculptor of the statue of liberty on the Capitol at Washington, and the nephew of that wittiest of old New Yorkers, Sam Ward. A great portion of his early life was spent in India, but he now resides for the most part of the year in Italy. This is his first visit to the United States in ten years. Though not yet forty years of age, he has written some eighteen novels, which have won him a very high reputation. One of the most popular of these is "Marzio's Crucifix," which depicts the life of an engraver on silver. His own favorite, however, is "Zoroaster," although his first successful work was "Mr. Isaacs," which appeared in 1882. It was written on the suggestion of his uncle, Sam Ward, to whom he had told, merely as a yarn "over the nuts and wine," the narrative he had really heard while in Allahabad about the diamond which plays so prominent a part in the tale from "Mr. Isaacs's" actual prototype, a Mr. Jacobs, who, by the way, has recently become prominently connected with a syndicate controlling a diamond mine valued at \$1,250,000. Although, like Bret Hart and Henry James, he resides abroad by preference, Mr. Crawford declares that there is a far richer field for the novelist in the United States than in Europe, because there are more original characters to be found here and in greater variety. When properly handled, he opines that this country will become the great arena for the novelist, as it is already the center of almost everything else. He is married to a beautiful and accomplished wife.

THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM LIDDERDALE, the eminent

recognition of this signal service he was created a privy councillor by Queen Victoria and presented with the freedom of the city of London. He came to the United States for rest after his arduous labors, and most of his time has been spent where business cares were not likely to find him. He went hunting in the Rocky Mountains, where he had some good sport. He was far away from any telegraph line and even the mail did not reach him. Only once was an effort made to forward a bag of letters to him. A cowboy took it in charge, but it was lost on the way to his camp, and Mr. Lidderdale is still congratulating himself over the fortunate accident.

EDWARD BLAKE, the well-known Canadian statesman, whose persistent attempts to reunite the Irish Nationalists are likely to be crowned with success, is a tall, broad-shouldered man of leonine aspect, with a strong-marked, smooth-shaven face and wears spectacles. He is now fifty-nine, and although Irish by birth, both his nature and manner are the very opposite to those which are supposed to characterize the typical Irish member of Parliament. He has long played a very prominent part in Canadian politics. Twenty years ago he was premier of the Province of Ontario, a position which he resigned in order to become minister of justice and attorney-general in the Dominion Government under the late Mr. Mackenzie. He has only recently retired from the leadership of the Opposition in the Canadian Parliament, because he feared that their policy of commercial union with the United States might result in loosening the tie with the mother country, and during the recent general election in Great Britain he was returned for an Irish constituency. He was the recognized leader of the Canadian Bar, being the head of the largest law firm in the Dominion, and he declined in turn the offices of chancellor of Ontario and chief justice of Canada, besides refusing the honor (?) of knighthood, which was twice offered him. He has been chancellor of the University of Toronto since 1876, and has also served as chancellor of that diocese. He is a man of great learning and varied accomplishments, and is accounted by far the finest orator in Canada. In addition to which his personal record is unblemished. It is said that he knows as much about religion as Mr. Gladstone, and has as complete a mastery of parliamentary procedure as had Mr. Parnell, so that he is quite likely to cut a considerable figure in the House of Commons, where he is looked upon by many as a future leader of the party which the "uncrowned king" created.



# ONCE A WEEK

## AN ABLE STATE PAPER.

PRESIDENT HARRISON's last message is a valuable historical document. It is somewhat too partisan in places, and it has none of the startling political significance of Mr. Cleveland's famous tariff message—that probably insured his defeat. Apparently, Mr. Harrison forgets that the very message which rendered easy his election four years ago encompassed his defeat last month. He overlooks the fact that the people of this country have been doing a great deal of thinking on their own account, without the aid of meddlesome editors or stump-speakers.

And yet, the President goes out in a blaze of glory. Though he takes fifteen thousand words or more to say so, he makes a very good case in his presentation of the prosperous condition of the country. We can think of only one bit of frankness in which he might have indulged. He might have said that the extravagance of the last Congress has left an almost empty treasury and a heritage to his successor in the shape of an income-tax bill or some other obnoxious form of meeting the current expenditures. However, why should he worry? The other man can do that.

The admirable features of Mr. Harrison's message are many. We hardly know whether to be more impressed with his figures or the adroitness with which, after assuming that "it would be offensive to suggest that the prevailing party will not carry into legislation the principles advocated by it," Mr. Harrison adds: "If a system of customs duties can be framed that will set the idle wheels and looms of Europe in motion, and crowd our warehouses with foreign-made goods, and, at the same time, keep our own mills busy, the authors and promoters of it will be entitled to the highest praise." That is very clever politics; let it be called sophistry if you will. Can it be more than a philanthropic feeling that prompts the President to feel so desirous for the welfare of Europe? Of course not.

According to Mr. Harrison, the high degree of prosperity is shown by incontestable statistics. Under his party, he says, the wealth of the country has increased from \$16,159,000,000 to \$62,610,000,000. In ten years the manufacturing product in seventy-five cities has increased from \$2,711,000,000 to \$4,860,000,000, the number of employees from 1,301,388 to 2,251,134, and the yearly wages per hand 41.71 per cent., from \$386 to \$547. During two years under the last tariff 345 new manufacturing plants and 108 extensions have given employment to 37,285 more hands. In six months of this year 135 new factories have been built. Cotton spindles have increased 4.5 per cent. and consumption of cotton 7.8 per cent. in one year. Such progress has never been seen in any other country.

The public debt has been reduced during his administration by \$259,000,000; \$432,000,000 has been paid in pensions, and \$93,000,000 of revenue from duties on sugar has been returned to the people—represented by the Sugar Trust. Foreign affairs demand little attention.

The protective policy is affirmed and the President had "naturally" hoped it would be sustained. Reciprocity is also mildly commended, and the treaties with South American nations already signed are pointed to with pride. To the next Congress the President then commits the tariff question with sincere hope, no doubt, that it will be too much for that body to handle.

The message is a scholarly and lawyer-like statement of a situation that must be always more or less embarrassing. It is not easy for an outgoing President, still smarting under defeat, to be logical and temperate, but Mr. Harrison succeeds in being so. Men of both parties must have enjoyed reading the message, and everybody must accord it a high place among the similar documents that have preceded it since the foundation of this government.

It virtually says: "This is what the Republican party has done; will the Democracy do as well?"

What we do not find is a frank treatment of the pension question; the details of our deception by a venal and discreditable agent of our government in the Behring Sea dispute (for which we had to apologize most humiliatingly); and, above all, do we miss a candid statement of the President's views regarding restricted immigration. The prospects of honest labor, if the present influx of paupers be allowed to continue, was a theme worthy of the most serious and non-partisan treatment. Especially do we believe this when we read in the President's own words: "Retraction would be a crime!"

As a people we must go forward, whatever the party banner under which the progress is made.

## JAY GOULD—MAN, FINANCIER AND BUILDER.

THOUGH really a private citizen, Jay Gould occupied public attention more continuously than any other one man in this country for nearly a quarter of a century. The adult inhabitant of the American Union, who had never heard of him from time to time, must have been very recently landed or living in a very backward township, indeed. Living, he usually safeguarded his rights himself. Many will say that he did so to the ruin of others; but of that later on. Now that he is dead, he has rights which the public is bound to respect. His character—in the home circle and as a factor in the material prosperity of the country, as well as in Wall Street manipulations—is entitled to impartial study. The apparent contradictions of his character must be reconciled, if possible; a balance must be figured out, either for or against him, in the light of all the facts and circumstances of his career. This we shall attempt to do briefly.

Jay Gould was not a many-sided man. He appears in three distinct phases. In the home circle he was a wise

and successful ruler, who was prudently affectionate and unquestioningly loved, honored and obeyed. At the bedside of his dying wife, in his dealings with his children after that event, in his own last hours, and in the lines, and between the lines, of his last will and testament, Jay Gould appears to the impartial observer as the perfect pater familias. In his dealings with individuals, firms and corporations in the financial world, he was a stubborn foe, and a relentless victor (it is said). And it is known to the world that he accumulated about \$100,000,000, not by the fortunes, but by the hard knocks, of financial war. How much of this wealth represents his own creation, how much was wrung from poorly managed properties which he built up, after wresting them from their owners by the more or less devious methods of Wall Street manipulation, and how much of it represents the ruined fortunes of others, whose untimely and ruthless wrecking has been laid at his door, are questions which would require a goodly sized volume to determine. In the third phase, Jay Gould appears as one of the prominent factors of our material progress; as a financier and executive, whose Western Union Telegraph Company, Southwestern railways and Manhattan Elevated Railway have provided for most of our rapid communications of intelligence, for the transportation needs of a hitherto much neglected section of our country and for the rapid transit so necessary for the population of the metropolitan district of New York and vicinity.

In this threefold character Jay Gould is not, perhaps, so complicated a study as might at first appear. In the first phase he is clearly a credit to his native country, and, without reservation, absolutely above criticism. In the third phase, he is easily first among millionaires and one-man powers for good in this or any other country, and in this or any preceding century. If he had nothing else to his credit but the industrial miracle of the transformation of the scattered and unorganized Southwestern railroad properties into one of the greatest railroad systems in the world, he would still be facile princeps as a railroad man. But holding in his grasp at the same time such valuable properties as the Manhattan Elevated and Western Union, and extending their usefulness and value, is a work so phenomenal—so phenomenal that we should, at all events, be just to his memory, now that he has left these properties to continue their work in our material upbuilding, and can no longer enjoy them himself—if, indeed, he can truly be said to have enjoyed them while amassing and guarding them, here!

In the second phase—that of Wall Street manipulator—Jay Gould enjoyed the distinction of being the only financier who never enjoyed even a momentary respite from charges of heartlessness, land piracy, corrupting of courts and legislatures, wrecking of properties to gain control of them and general financial crookedness, both within the statute and outside of it. From the time of his historic contest with the English stockholders for the control of the Erie to the day of his death his name was never absent from public prints as the great wrecker.

Now, in the first place, the public have been unfair in their treatment of Jay Gould. He was singled out persistently as the only fit object of public condemnation that Wall Street afforded. The fact is, and every intelligent reader knows it, that small fortunes are lost in Wall Street every day, and that, through the judicial method of receiverships, through fraudulent and misleading advertisements, combinations among cliques of stockholders and snap judgments of bondholders, millions of dollars' worth of railroad property are stolen every month from people who thought they had some property rights in them, by virtue of their certificates of stock and even their "gilt-edged" bonds. Whether this is a necessary evil or not, we will not undertake to say. Perhaps great enterprises are difficult enough to handle without paying strict attention to every Tom, Dick and Harry's interests as stockholders and bondholders who put up their money!

In the second place, the wresting of neglected and mismanaged property, or even of slowly managed property, from the owners, is always attended by loss to the owners. Foreclosure of a forty-acre farm mortgage is not without loss to the agriculturist. In some cases, the more enterprising and ambitious stockholders of a railroad become convinced, and rightly so, that if they do not wrest it from the slow conservatives, ruin may follow. It becomes, in this view, a contest between interests. The law cannot well reach such cases. "Railroad wrecking" often boils itself down to just this, when the inside facts are presented by themselves. There are many who hold this view, even with reference to Gould and Flisk's fight for the Erie, in which they were defeated. It is only fair, at all events, to look these matters up before accepting the view that Jay Gould was a ruthless destroyer of other people's property, or the view that the recent Richmond Terminal Deal is a steal, or the view that any of the numerous reorganization schemes of the day for the benefit of great properties are clear steals against all who have lost money because they invested it and were unable to get it all back again with interest.

Again, it is not true that Jay Gould dealt in valuable properties and wrecked them. He dealt exclusively in run-down properties when he reorganized the Southwestern railroads. He has not wrecked them, nor has he wrecked the valuable Manhattan and Western Union properties. He simply fought the Wall Street fight, and left many of his opponents hors de combat.

He was in the thick of modern material progress. His methods were not original with him: they are the methods whereby great enterprises are built up, controlled, and, sometimes, destroyed. He did not pose as a philanthropist; he was in the stock market, in the business of amassing millions, in the work that suited his peculiar genius and fed his ambition. He worked, because it was life to do so.

He was not above his time, nor was he below the

average Wall Street man in point of heartlessness. To whatever extent he has left many "honest" Wall Street manipulators sorry that they ever met him, financially, he will doubtless be long remembered with a bitterness which bids fair to be immortal. To whatever extent he has added to our national greatness, materially, let his memory be honored. That he was a land pirate, a willful destroyer of other peoples' fortunes and home comforts that depend upon them, or that he ever in cold blood ruined an adversary for the pleasure it gave him, we do not believe.

The age in which we live will not allow of the confusion of different callings and motives. The man who does a great work within the law is entitled to credit for it, if that work has contributed to the general good. No matter whether Jay Gould was a philanthropist or a giver of charity, publicly or privately, that was not in his line. He was a worker, and has left behind him the greatest work ever done by one man in the line of railroad development. Give him credit for it, if thousands of well-paid railroad and telegraph men are to-day helping themselves because of what he has done.

Give him credit also for that he died in the midst of a model family, and that he smiled at the last sight of them; for that he loved his home; for that he was no pretender, no hypocrite, no complainer at the injustice, which he surely must have suffered if he was human at all. Against this, set it down that Jay Gould is accused of sharp practice in Wall Street; and remember that Wall Street is not at all a slow street. He was titanic in his money-getting qualities.

The balance, we submit, is largely in favor of the late Jay Gould. Honor him for what good he has done—be fair to him now, for he is not here.

A BRONZE statue of Brigham Young, intended to be set up in Salt Lake City, is now being cast at a foundry in Chicopee, Mass. Does Utah expect to come into the Union?

## AT HER WINDOW.

WHAT are you doing to-day,  
My love? Are you sad or gay?  
I lean far out in the morning air  
And send you a thought. Does it fly to you there?  
Fly to you, far away?  
A rose sways, wet with dew,  
My open window through,  
The air by the soul of the flower fraught  
With a fervor of fragrance: So my thought  
Exhales fond love to you.

MARY ESPY THOMSON.

## THOUGHTS FOR THE WEEK.

December 18—Sunday—"Every wish  
Is like a prayer . . . with God."—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.  
December 19—Monday—"I weigh not Fortune's frown or smile,  
I rest so pleased with what I have,  
I wish no more, no more I crave."—Joshua Sylvester.  
December 20—Tuesday—"To read without reflecting, is like eating  
without digesting."—Burke.  
December 21—Wednesday—"All good things which exist are the  
fruits of originality."—J. S. Mill.  
December 22—Thursday—"Who can curiously behold  
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,  
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?"—Byron.  
December 23—Friday—"Soft is the music that would charm forever;  
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly."—Wordsworth.  
December 24—Saturday—"True piety is cheerful as the day."—Couper.

Cut this out; write in the names; sign and mail to us, marking the envelope "Cabinet Making."

## THE CLEVELAND CABINET.

ONCE A WEEK having offered a prize of Twenty-five Dollars to the reader of that journal who most nearly guesses the composition of President-elect Cleveland's cabinet, I wish to offer the following as my prediction:

Secretary of State.	_____
Secretary of the Treasury.	_____
Secretary of War.	_____
Secretary of the Navy.	_____
Secretary of the Interior.	_____
Postmaster-General.	_____
Attorney-General of the United States.	_____
Commissioner of Agriculture.	_____
Name.....	_____
Street or P. O. Box.....	_____
City.....	_____
State.....	_____
Date.....	_____



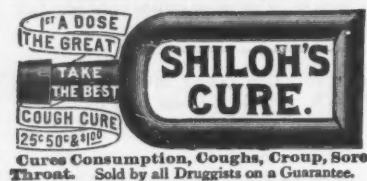


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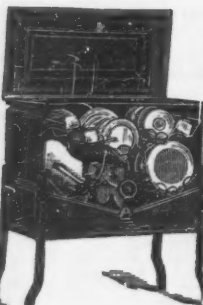
"My wife is as pronounced in her estimate of your C. O., and says that every family in the land should have it at hand."

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## A YEAR'S ADVANCE IN MECHANICS.

The main improvements of the year were in the construction of boilers and the application of forced draft. All of the problems to be solved in applying the steam jacket as an appliance in the direction of economy by averting loss of heat have not been overcome.

Decided advances have been effected in railway locomotive construction. Larger driving wheels in connection with the compounded cylinders are yielding satisfactory results. One partial result will be some increase in the highest speeds. But in this respect the limits of practicable speed on most roads under existing conditions of traffic and construction have been nearly reached. The effect of the newer machines may rather be to maintain with a gain in economy the highest speeds now run.

In the maritime service the event of the year 1892 is the launching of the Cunarder *Campania*. Experience requires the assumption that she is to be followed by a fleet of ships similar in dimensions and substantial performance. The very important system perfected by Mr. Yarrow of England for reducing vibration in screw steamships has not yet produced any general results, but it seems safe to assume that it has solved a practical problem of no mean consequence. Like automatic car couplers, inventions of this sort cannot come into common use in a day.

The scale upon which electrical engineering has continued to expand during 1892 has been a marvel, but the development has been one of simple growth, following, in the main, lines laid down prior to the last New Year. The rate of expansion in the trolley system seems limited chiefly by that at which equipment can be supplied. As a single feat in the electrical domain, the most notable one of the year has been the harnessing of Niagara. The most interesting project on which a similar judgment may have to be pronounced in 1893 is the electrical air-line railway between Chicago and St. Louis.

Before dismissing the Niagara performance a word may be given to one of its implications. The tropics are devoid of coal, but rich in water powers. The same regions produce a great share of the world's fibers. Hitherto these have been, for the most part, exported to the coal belt and returned in fabrics. While no revolution in this process impends, a progressive modification of it is inevitable. It is inevitable because it will pay, and free capital from the temperate zone will utilize these tropic opportunities, as it has already set up spindles in India.

Such a result was assured as soon as the power of the falls of Muhlhausen was successfully transmitted by electric wire, but an operation on so small a scale might well be passed over in neglect. The mere scale on which the same operation is repeated with Niagara arrests the attention of the world and cannot remain lost upon enterprising persons of capital throughout the tropical Americas and other parts of that zone. Indeed, our own Pacific Coast, now at a disadvantage in respect of coal, possesses unlimited water powers while lacking for raw material to work up. But in response to a suitable demand, there is no limit to the amount of cotton, for example, which the Western States of Mexico could again supply as they did to their aboriginal inhabitants at the date of Nuno de Guzman's conquest.

In brief, the implications of the harnessing of Niagara bear upon the permanent relations between the coal-bearing regions of the world and those more prolific areas whose lack of that material, hitherto essential to manufacture, has side-tracked them in the course of recent progress. When placed by electrical utilization of their water powers on a substantial equality, he would be a bold man who should undertake to set a limit upon the changes that may be brought about in time. The horizon thus opened up to the outlook of electrical engineering is at least vastly expanded and full of interest.—N. Y. Sun.

FOR upwards of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

**3 "MONTHS ON TRIAL" FOR 10c.** Bubier's Popular Electrician. An illustrated monthly journal for the amateur experimenter and public. BUBIER PUB. CO., LYNN, MASS.

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**9 YEARS OF AGONY.** After being in the hospital for nearly nine years, I tried Oxiol. It has done wonders for me. One and a half boxes brought me good health and now I am feeling better than ever. I enclose \$10.00 for another box of this Wonderful Food and Flavour. **MA. W. R. HUNT, Hove, Neth.**  
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**WOMEN'S WOE.** Everyone about here says "Oxiol does more good than any other medicine in the world put together." It has cured many cases of Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis and female disorders. **MA. F. L. BURGESS, Fairmont, W. Va.**  
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If you will hand to three friends or neighbors the new booklets which we will mail you FREE, we will send you in advance a \$5.00 Improved Oxford Sizing Machine; perfect working machine, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory and save 25% and receive prompt. Send for FREE CATALOGUE. **THE GIANT OXIE CO., 46 Willow St., Augusta, Me.**

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**WANTED—Salesmen** to whom we will give EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY to sell our celebrated PINLESS CLOTHES LINE, the only line ever invented that holds clothes WITHOUT PINS—wonderful success; or our famous FOUNTAIN INK ERASER which will erase ink instantly, and has NO EQUAL. The success of our salesmen shows the great demand for these articles, many making \$20 to \$50 per day. On receipt of 50c. will mail sample of either, or sample of both for \$1, with price-lists and terms. **PINLESS CLOTHES LINE CO., No. 188 Hermon Street, Worcester, Mass.**

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For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 30 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample Cake and 125 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of 50c. also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Indolent and Foul Skin, Scars, Pimples, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Freckles, &c., removed. **JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, 125 West 42nd Street, New York City.** Consultation free, 25c. office or by letter. Open 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

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A Delicious Table Beverage.  
Purchasers are warned against imposition and disappointment. Insist upon the "Genuine," which must have the signature of "JOHANN HOFF" on the neck label.

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For Coughs and Colds (especially on the lungs), Asthma, Bronchitis, Ulcerated Throat, Hay Fever, Grippe, &c.

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## AMONG THE MONEY-MAKERS.

THE fact that Jay Gould was ill unto death, was not realized in Wall Street, until the end of "the great little man" had really come. For a couple of days before the event there was some uneasiness, because it was feared that some of his holdings might be precipitated on the market, but the forebodings proved unfounded. In fact, within three hours after the announcement of the passing away of Mr. Gould, the market value of Western Union and Manhattan, the two properties in which he was most largely concerned, had increased \$3,225,000. It was felt that a menace to these properties had been removed.

It seems cruel to say that the death of any man should be a "bull" point on values, but such is undoubtedly the fact in the case of Mr. Gould. And in this particular he was unique, for it would be difficult, if not altogether impossible, to name another individual of this generation whose removal could have had a similar influence. His connection with any corporation has cast a shadow of suspicion upon its affairs, and the shadow has been sufficient to frighten conservative investors. The two properties named are striking examples of this fact. Neither of them is subject to the vicissitudes of the general run of stock exchange stocks. Unlike railways, poor crops or cut rates have no influence on their earnings. The people of New York must use the elevated railways, and as for Western Union, the people of the country cannot do without a telegraph service. It is easy to see, therefore, that with honest management both corporations must make handsome returns to the stockholders. With Mr. Gould's influence removed, the prospects of the owners of these properties have not been injured.

Up to the hour of Mr. Gould's death the tendency of the stock market had been downward. There was momentary hesitation when the announcement was made, but since then the drift has been toward a higher level. Of course, there have been occasional reactions, but these came in the most pronounced bull markets. The mere taking of profits bring them about.

It must not be supposed that the only factor favoring higher prices was the death of the man who has so long been the center of Wall Street affairs. The doings of the Brussels Silver Conference have been watched with much interest, and the discussions which have taken place have, to no small extent, cleared the financial atmosphere. It is recognized now that little is to be expected from Europe toward the solution of the currency situation. The knife will have to be applied by this country to the root of the evil, and Congress may be depended on to perform the operation skillfully and effectually. With our currency system on a sound basis the greatness of the country is sufficient of itself to insure its prosperity, and prosperity means materially higher prices for all our investment securities. MIDAS.

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## HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION



**MODENE**  
AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.  
Discovered by Accident.—In Cosmetics, an incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but surely, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. **IT CANNOT FAIL.** If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy growth such as the beard or hair on arms may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without the slightest injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward.—MODENE SUPERCEDES ELECTROLYTIC.—  
—RECOMMENDED BY ALL WHO HAVE TESTED ITS MERITS.—USED BY PEOPLE OF REFINEMENT.—Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing case, postage paid, (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your full address written plainly. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.)  
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**FREE** For 30 Days. To introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS we make this Special Offer: Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph or any picture of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish not interfering with likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO., Opposite New German Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will forfeit \$100 to any one sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture FREE as per this offer. This offer is bona fide.

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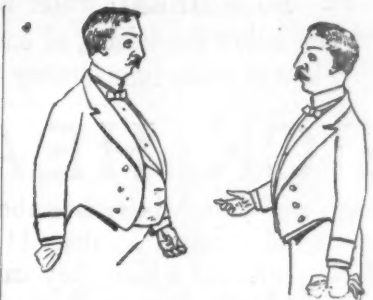
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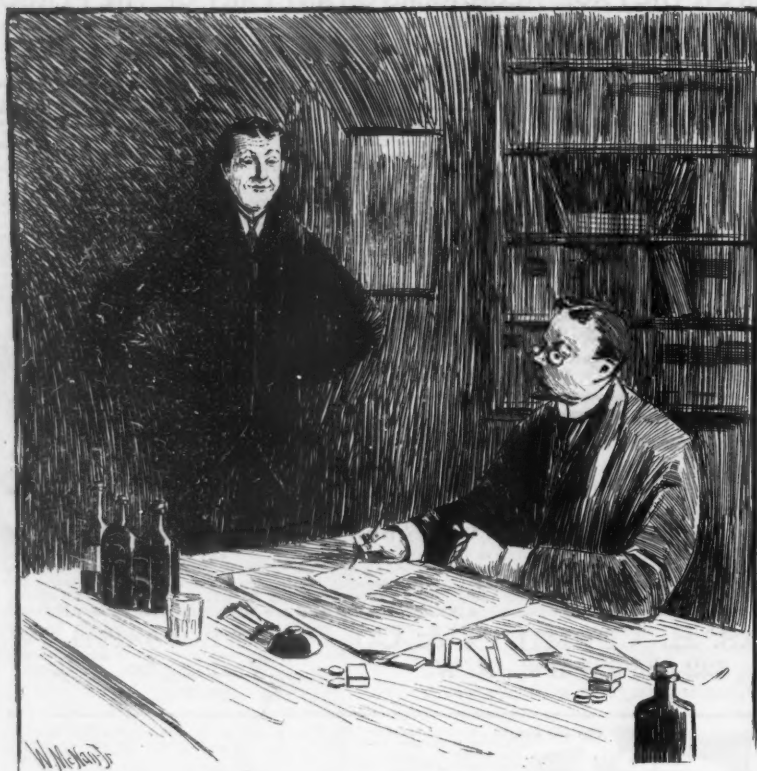
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